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THE FIRST GUN—1861–1874.—[See Page 813.]

"I shall deal with this trouble as I should have dealt with the trouble in 1861."—U. S. Grant.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1874.

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PARTIES AND PLATFORMS.

THE party conventions have now made their declarations, and the elections are at hand. The platforms are a curious study. It would be almost impossible for a stranger to our politics to determine, upon reading these manifestoes, upon what questions public opinion is divided. This is, of course, merely evidence of the familiar fact that such declarations are made as vague and general as possible. For instance, what can be more exquisite as a specimen of "saying an undisputed thing with such a solemn face" than this resolution of the Kansas Republican Convention:

"*Resolved*, That drunkenness is one of the greatest curses of modern society, demoralizing every thing it touches, imposing fearful burdens of taxation upon the people, a fruitful breeder of pauperism, crime, and a worker of evil, and only evil, continually; hence we are in favor of such legislation, both general and local, as experience shall show to be most effectual in destroying the evil."

As the object of a platform is to say how those who make it would practically deal with any subject which is important enough to be mentioned, this declaration is worthy to be ranked with the famous tariff resolution at Cincinnati, which referred the question to the people, when the Convention itself assumed to be the people speaking through delegates.

A review of the party platforms of this year shows that upon the only topic which is mentioned in almost all of them, the currency, each party is divided in itself. Some conventions of each declare for and some against inflation. The Democratic conventions which speak of the tariff at all favor a revenue tariff; and the Republicans, when they mention the subject, guardedly commend protection. Both parties, especially at the West, demand wise legislation upon the subject of railroad management and transportation; both insist that the rights of all must be respected; but the Democrats very generally denounce the Civil Rights Bill, while the Republicans, generally without naming it, proclaim its principle more strongly in Michigan than elsewhere. Upon temperance there are very various expressions. Drunkenness receives no quarter; and while some of the Democratic platforms demand a stringent license law, and some Republicans favor a local option bill, and those of Ohio seem to approve prohibition, the general tone is shown by the specimen that we have quoted. The civil service is disposed of by a universal Democratic denunciation of Republican official corruption, and a demand of honest and economical administration, and by Republican rejoicing at the party courage in exposing and punishing the offenses of its members, and an equally vigorous demand for integrity and economy. The character of the declarations upon this subject may be seen in the Maine Democratic platform, which gravely and safely resolves that "the civil service of the government should be performed by those who are found to be best qualified therefor," and in that of the Iowa Republicans, who "demand that only honest and capable men be elected or appointed to office." The only Convention which says any thing significant upon the subject is that of the Michigan reformers, which demands a reduction of salaries, so that no office shall be sought for its emoluments, and which also demands that political opinion shall not be a reason for appointment or removal, that members of Congress shall be forbidden to solicit appointments or recommend candidates, and that there shall be *frequent changes to secure purity of administration!*

A review of the platforms shows that neither party in all its State Conventions proposes a harmonious policy upon any great question. Indeed, some of the conventions do not even mention some of the most important topics. The reason of the two great organizations, and of a few reform movements, as in Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, and Nebraska, would seem to the stranger of whom we spoke incomprehensible, if he judged merely by the platforms. Yet the native knows very well that there is a grave difference. For he reads between the lines. He is aware that the two organizations represent two tendencies, and he governs himself accordingly. He does not judge the parties by what they say, but by what his experience has taught him. In 1864 the Democrats in their National Convention declared that they adhered with unswerving fidelity to the Union, praised the soldiers, and nominated General M'CLELLAN, who had been a commander of the Union army. But there was not an intelligent man in the country who did not know that every enemy of a free Union, at the North and the South, hoped for their success. So to-day the Democrats in many States demand the regulation of the sale of liquor; but every American knows that the whole liquor interest is favorable to Democratic rather than Republican ascendency. The Democrats also declare that the rights of all citizens and races must be respected; but every body knows that the leaders in all negro massacres, and the legislators who enacted black codes, and the voters who form the White Man's party are all Democrats, and they act accordingly.

However honest they may be, therefore, those who compose the Democratic party to-day are very much the same persons who upheld slavery, opposed the war, opposed emancipation, and opposed civil and political equality as the basis of reconstruction. Those questions are settled, and settled against Democratic opposition. But other questions, springing from them, remain, and the Democrats represent the old spirit and tendency applied to the new form of the old difference. A political community does not divest itself of what are called "questions" as a snake sloughs off its skin. The old order gives place to the new very gradually. Even the Toryism of the Revolution has its representatives among us to-day, and the Federalism of 1800 is not extinct in 1874. No old party takes a "new departure," for a new departure is the death of the old party.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

ALTHOUGH it is said by the chairman of the Civil Service Commission that the President is more actively interested in the reform than ever since the hostile action of Congress, and although the National Republican Convention of 1872 declared strongly for its principle, yet the subject has been mentioned by very few Republican conventions of the year, and not one has distinctly and heartily approved it. Mr. WILLARD, of Vermont, a member of the Civil Service Committee of the House, and a most faithful friend of the measure, was not renominated, and in a recent letter he speaks of the attempt at reform as a failure. Mr. EATON, on the other hand, says, in a letter to the Springfield *Republican*, that "it has done great good, has passed the most difficult stage, and can be carried on successfully if we all do our duty bravely." We doubt, however, if real success is to be expected until public opinion is more sincerely interested than it has yet shown itself to be. By real success we mean a radical and permanent change of the system, to which, of course, the public assent is indispensable. But a great step would have been taken toward securing that assent had the President, who has more individual power over such a reform than an English monarch, or Prime Minister, or any constitutional ruler in the world, made during his second term a steady, hearty, and consistent practical trial of the system he had approved. His action has, it seems to us, certainly not strengthened the reform in the public mind, because in the conspicuous instances which would have shown both its character and his own conviction and purpose he has not enforced it. There is, therefore, no changed system the merits and demerits of which can be measured by the country, or which has shown itself to be so good that no new Administration would venture to disturb it. And it seems to us plain that no such result is to be expected under this Administration.

There is all the more need, therefore, of appealing to public opinion. The question of a reform in the method of appointment to office is of the most vital and immediate public concern, because it is a simple and practicable way of dealing with the political corruption which is one of the worst and most threatening of existing evils. It is besides a sure test of the patriotism of the country, because it would be a deliberate victory over mere party spirit. The most striking and thoughtful recent contribution to the discussion that we have seen is a communication in the Detroit *Free Press*, in which it is urged that the great error of the Constitution lies in the provisions in regard to appointment to office, which degrade and corrupt the legislature and the public service, and menace the independence and freedom of the people. As a remedy the author suggests a constitutional amendment authorizing the election of postmasters, collectors, marshals, attorneys, and all local national officers by the people of the respective districts. To the proposed remedy serious objections are evident, but the exposition of the peril is admirable. Mr. CLARKSON N. POTTER also, a conspicuous Democrat in New York, and a member of Congress for the Westchester district, in a letter discussing reforms that are imperative, while he describes the scheme recommended by the President as an utter and absolute failure, concedes the necessity of some radical change in the civil service. He suggests that the growing evil can be reformed only by making "subordinate officials, like department clerks, dependent, *for a limited term at least*, only upon good behavior." And he agrees with the Detroit suggestion that postmasters and other local officers should be elective. The limitation that we italicize is, we presume, mere innocent Buncombe, like the conclusion of the Republican civil service resolution of 1872, to avoid the charge of favoring an aristocracy. But Mr. POTTER has perhaps forgotten that the very result sought by a tenure of good behavior is permanence. It is the practical "limited term" now that tempts the holder to make hay while the sun shines.

The truth is that upon the subject of appointment to office, as upon so many other points, the Constitution has been upon trial. It is, of course, one of the necessary defects of a written instrument of the kind that it is the work of those who can not forecast the future. They can deal only with the situation before them. A system of appointment which is excellent in a Union of thirteen sea-board States with three or four millions of inhabitants, and when there were scarcely a thousand small offices to fill, may be very unsuitable and dangerous in a continental nation of thirty-seven States and forty millions of people, with more than a hundred thousand offices and dependencies of immense emoluments. HAMILTON, as the communication in the *Free Press* reminds us, thought it hard to conceive a better plan "to promote a judicious choice of men" for the offices. But what the plan—not the purpose—really was, General JACKSON, and not JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, as DE TOCQUEVILLE erroneously states, plainly revealed. CLAY and WEBSTER solemnly protested at the time, and BENTON joined them afterward. CALHOUN had already borne his testimony. JEFFERSON early saw and said that removal for opinion's sake would degrade elections to a contest of office and not of principle. It was true, and experience has proved it. But that contest is inherent in the terms of the Constitution. JACKSON merely exercised a power distinctly conferred, although for a very different purpose.

It has been sometimes held that under the power given to Congress to vest the appointment of such officers as it chooses in the President alone, it might prescribe the qualifications of candidates and the methods of ascertaining them. But if Congress should declare that only certain qualified persons should be appointed, and that the qualifications should be ascertained by one of its committees, it would leave the President, of course, only a restricted choice, which he might contest as unconstitutional. Yet Mr. LEGARE, as Attorney-General, held that Congress, which authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to appoint customs inspectors, might require him to make the appointment out of a certain number of candidates designated by the Collector. But while Congress as such has not formally invaded the President's prerogative, the members of Congress have substantially usurped it, and General BUTLER justifies the usurpation on the ground of necessity. The Representative is said to be the chosen agent of his district. He knows its people and requirements better than any central authority. That authority, therefore, by the theory, properly applies to him for advice. The actual result is that essential executive powers have been transferred to the members of the legislature; the purpose of the Constitution is disregarded, and the way is opened to endless corruption.

The present result of the constitutional method of appointment is that under party organization the government is practically passing from the hands of the people. This is not due altogether to evil design. It is the consequence of many causes, and, among others, of the vast and rapid extension of territory, and the increase in the number of offices. And the same considerations, with ample experience of the results of the present system, suggest the character of the remedy. It is no objection to any proposed reform that objections may be urged against it. The argument of Judge WOODWARD and General BUTLER that a board of examiners may be influenced as well as a President or a Representative, is not very powerful; for the question is one of probabilities and degrees. Nothing can be worse than the present system, which virtually sells the public service to the highest bidder. Undoubtedly many offices might be abolished, for the present system offers a premium upon their multiplication; and undoubtedly also some might be made elective. But the principle of appointment is sound, and a system which should ascertain the qualifications of candidates, first by examination and then by probation, and which should properly secure promotion and permanence of tenure, although it must often fail in operation, still seems to us the true remedy. This is the scheme of the new system, and had the President resolutely maintained it, it would have so commended itself to public approval that a constitutional change would hardly be necessary. No system is ideally excellent in operation, and a reasonable advocate of reform sees and acknowledges all difficulties. These have been developed in the English experience of the reformed system. But we suppose that Mr. ROBERT LOWE speaks for all who have carefully studied the subject when he says, in a recent letter to Mr. SCOONES, who had written upon the East India examinations, "I never regarded competition as more than a rough substitute for patronage, very inferior to the honest judgment of an able man after a fair trial in the very work required, but much better than patronage in any shape or with any safeguards."

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS IN NEW YORK.

THE election this year in New York is important not only as an indication of the drift of political sentiment, but because of the amendments to the State Constitution which are to be submitted to the people. Some of these amendments are of vital importance to the welfare of the State, and should they be adopted would effect beneficial and permanent reforms, which the intelligence of the State has long demanded. Yet probably few voters are aware either of the fact that such amendments are to be considered or of their character and scope. Indeed, it is curious that while no act more involves the public welfare than a change in the fundamental law, none excites less interest in the public mind. The reason is twofold—that it requires more careful reflection than most men wish to bestow upon the consequences of their votes; and that it seems theoretical, which is something that the voter generally distrusts and disdains. Apprehending this apathy, Mr. L. BRADFORD PRINCE, of Queens, who introduced into the Legislature the bill for the late Constitutional Commission, and who had charge of the amendments in the Assembly, has written a truly valuable little pamphlet containing the amendments, and briefly stating in order the arguments for each.

Mr. PRINCE calls attention to the fact that the Constitutions of Illinois and Pennsylvania have been recently amended in accordance with the results of experience, and that in New Jersey amendments are pending. Those in New York were prepared by a commission of eminent citizens of both parties, and have been approved by two successive Legislatures. The most important are those which relate to salaries, to special legislation, and the canals; and upon the subject of special legislation, of which he has made a special study, together with legislative methods, Mr. PRINCE'S suggestions are very striking and original. Special bills and legislative forms are the great lever of the lobby, and the correction sought by the proposed amendments would make corruption much more difficult.

It appears that about thirteen hundred bills are introduced every year, of which eleven hundred or twelve hundred pass through the routine of form in each House, and about a thousand reach the Governor for approval. Upon a careful computation of the time required to comply with all the forms, Mr. PRINCE finds that the passage of

a thousand bills would occupy more than two and one-half times the whole session, but by certain omissions the time can be reduced to nearly twice as much as that of the whole session. Thus fifteen minutes is all that can be devoted to the formal passage of each bill, including amendments, debates, points of order, and all other business. But as the number of bills increases rather than diminishes, the result is every kind of "short-cut" in legislation, and hence every kind of evasion, concealment, jobbery, and fraud. To avoid the necessity of this haste is to deal directly with corruption, and the only way to do it is to reduce the number of bills. The great mass of them are private. Governor DIX says in his last annual Message that of 1017 bills passed last year 883 were private or local, and only 134 general. The amendments therefore propose the adoption of general laws and the delegation of local matters to the local legislatures of the counties.

The result of such a policy is shown in Illinois. The acts of a single session in that State were formerly about 1300. But at the first session under the new Constitution, and a long and important session, the whole number of laws passed was 56. In New York at the same time the number was 946. It is impossible that the scope of the mass of local bills can be understood by the Legislature. The member for the district knows, but nobody else knows or cares, and consequently there is endless log-rolling. A votes for B's bill on condition that B will vote for A's. The advantage of the amendment proposed is immense and obvious. To refer such bills to the local legislature of the county is not only to refer them to the people who are interested in the subjects and who understand them, but it is to give those local bodies an importance and power which will have the best possible influence in awakening the county communities all over the State to an active interest in the source of all good administration in a republic—local self-government.

We shall recur to the admirable pamphlet of Mr. PRINCE, and meanwhile we commend the amendments to careful consideration.

LOUISIANA.

BEFORE this paper is issued the national government will undoubtedly have subdued the insurrection in New Orleans, and it will be heartily sustained by every intelligent citizen. The outbreak has thoroughly aroused the country, which will demand why Congress, after a report of its special committee of inquiry that KELLOGG was not lawfully elected Governor, declined all action. The situation has been wretched, nor can all the blame be laid upon one party. KELLOGG, whom the Congressional committee virtually declared to be a usurper, had apparently laid his plans to secure absolute control of the next election, which, under the form of a republican government, would thus have destroyed its substance. An appeal of the reputable people of all parties in Louisiana to Congress to consider whether there was no remedy for the situation in the constitutional authority to guarantee to each State a republican form of government would, under such circumstances, be very powerfully supported by the best opinion of the country. But one of the most pacificatory measures that could be adopted would be the appointment of national officers in the spirit of the President's civil service scheme, that is to say, the appointment of collectors, marshals, judges, and others who are known not to be political intriguers, and who would take the lead in opposing and exposing such political knaveries as have been notoriously perpetrated in Louisiana without remonstrance from Washington. If the Administration were represented in all the troubled States by men who are personally respected, however they may be politically opposed, there would be the beginning of a good understanding.

Meanwhile, we repeat, prompt and absolute suppression of PENN'S insurrection is the most imperative duty of the Government; and careful reflection upon the situation that produced the insurrection is the equally imperative duty of all good citizens.

THE "PALL MALL" ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a recent article upon affairs in the United States, falls into some errors which are natural to a writer who is not very familiar with the facts. It speaks of the enfranchisement of the freedmen at the end of the war as a most serious measure, and to make them masters of their former owners as a measure without precedent. It thinks it difficult to conceive how American politicians could have failed to foresee the present wretched result of the reconstruction policy, conceding that enfranchisement was not meant as a reprisal, but as "effected in simple deference to the principle of universal suffrage." The *Pall Mall* then remarks upon the "superstition of institutions," as shown by the American regard for suffrage and the English trust in "Parliamentary institutions" for political salvation. Before correcting the chief misapprehension of this article, we observe that the *Pall Mall* has forgotten that as the colored population of the late Slave States is about four millions, and the white population more than seven millions, it can not be truly said that, as a whole, the late master class has been subjected to the late slaves, while in the few States in which there is a colored majority, it was fair to presume that the colored vote would have been so divided by the good sense of the late master class as to prevent the evil results of a political contest of color.

But the important misconception of the *Pall Mall* is that the colored race was enfranchised "in simple deference to the principle of universal suffrage." When the war ended there were four courses open to the people of the United States who had maintained the government: to hold the Southern States as provinces; to recognize the former political class in each State as the State; to impose a stringent qualification for the suffrage; or to make the suffrage universal. The first course had virtually no support whatever in public opinion, and was therefore not a practicable policy. The second was urged by the Democratic party, and was preferred by ANDREW JOHNSON, who stolidly insisted that as the States had failed to get out of the Union, they were still in it, and that not to recognize that fact was to put them out, and do the very thing they had themselves vainly sought to achieve! But as the political relations of the Slave States to the Union had been essentially changed by emancipation, this second course was out of the question. To have recognized the old political body, and to have required it to make the changes necessitated by emancipation, would have been to exercise a national authority which it denied to exist, while to have trusted that body to make the change of its own motion would have been to commit to it unreservedly the welfare of the freedmen to whom its bitter hostility was already evident.

There remained, then, only the intervention of the national authority in one of two ways—either to impose a stringent suffrage qualification, or to make the suffrage universal. But to do the first was only another method of giving the political power in every State to the bitterest enemies of the Union, and it was to intrust the freedmen absolutely to the mercies of those who had already shown themselves merciless in the vagrant laws and black codes which they had passed at the close of the war. Such a course was utterly dishonorable and inhuman, and therefore the suffrage was made universal. This policy was adopted only as the best that was practicable under the circumstances. Its uncertainties and perils were fully understood, but they seemed to be less than those of any other course that could be taken. The slaves had been freed. They were ignorant, and they had no kind of property, and in their friendless condition were necessarily the wards of the power that had emancipated them. The first duty of that power was, if possible, to secure their tolerable treatment by the late master class. To enfranchise them was to make it the interest of that class to conciliate them, while this interest and the colored habit of dependence upon that class would at least divide the vote and prevent a political division by color. It was not a pleasant prospect, but since public opinion had resolved that the States should be immediately reconstituted, it was the only policy that would not have sullied the honor of the United States.

That the result thus far has in some respects been unfortunate is undoubtedly in large part due to the conduct of the old master class. We observe, as we write, that a convention of this class, called the Tax-payers' Convention, is in session at Columbia, under the presidency of Mr. CHESTNUT, and that it offers to support the Republican candidate if he be a suitable and honest man. Yet had Mr. CHESTNUT and his friends shown the same spirit a little earlier, uniting with Mr. ORR and the few who stood with him, the present situation of the State would have been very different. The key of the difficulty in the Southern States is to be found in the temper of the old master class quite as much as in the ignorance of the new voters. We say this with no thought of recrimination, for, whatever the cause, the difficulty remains, and demands the most temperate consideration of all good citizens. We see no present solution but in the hearty determination of the intelligent part of the population that, since the suffrage is not likely to be withdrawn, they will all co-operate, as Mr. CHESTNUT and his friends propose in South Carolina, in an endeavor for honest government.

PERSONAL.

THE Hon. JAMES W. HUSTED, late Speaker of the Assembly of this State, is prominently mentioned for the second place on the Republican State ticket for the coming fall campaign. Mr. HUSTED is a young man of great energy of character, excellent administrative ability, and clean political record; and his past career is a sufficient assurance that in any position he may hold in the future the people will have in him a capable and faithful officer.

—A letter from M. DU CHAILLU, dated Christiania, the capital of Norway, August 26, furnishes the gratifying intelligence that his great work on Norway and Sweden is nearly completed. M. DU CHAILLU has spent over two years in those countries collecting materials for his book. In that time he has visited every place of interest lying between the North Cape and the Baltic, has mixed familiarly with all classes of the people, from the king down to the Lapp peasant; and now he is going to tell us all about them and their magnificent country in the pleasant, graphic, and vivacious style which makes his African books so popular. M. DU CHAILLU'S collection of photographs of the people, dwellings, churches, natural scenery, etc., of Norway and Sweden, all taken under his own supervision, is one of the finest ever seen, and liberal use will be made of it in the illustration of his book. The great traveler in his letter speaks of attending a great peasant wedding in Delarme, one of the most interesting parts of Sweden, at which six thousand people were present, and the bride was attended by fifty bride-maids. The feasting and dancing lasted five days. M. DU CHAILLU was present in peasant costume, and his appearance created great enthusiasm.

—The Rev. GEORGE F. SEYMOUR, D.D., professor in the General Theological Seminary of the P. E. Church, and Dean of the Faculty, was on the 16th ult. unanimously elected Bishop of Illinois. Professor SEYMOUR is in the prime of life, a man of fine abilities, of indomitable industry, superior administrative ability, and of a temperament that will be invaluable to him as a bishop. He is a High-Churchman, but a very sensible and practical man, and has the pleasant advantage of having a competent fortune.

—Mr. WALTER NESS, who went out from England to superintend the working of collieries in Central India, says there are millions of tons of magnetic iron ore on the surface in the Warorar district, yielding over seventy per cent. of metallic iron. Large quantities of coal are also thereabouts.

—Hon. GERRIT SMITH is conspicuous every year for doing certain things: one is to give thousand-dollar checks to such stray charities or deserving things as may strike him at the moment; the other is to write a long letter on politics. In one of the latter, just published, he says: "I view as absurdities all 'local option laws' and 'license laws' and 'civil damage laws,' and I would have every instance of drunkenness regarded as a voluntary and responsible insanity, and therefore to be punished severely."

—It is said that Cadet SMITH, the colored young man who failed to pass his examination at West Point, is writing a book upon the abuses at the Military Academy, and proposes to disclose certain things.

—The Earl of Shaftesbury recently presided at the annual meeting of the water-cress sellers and flower girls in connection with the Laystall Street Gospel Mission on London.

—In the official lists of freemen to vote in the city election, London, the following Jewish names appear under their several liveries: Merchant Tailors, Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE; Fishmongers, Barons N. and L. DE ROTHSCHILD and Sir ALBERT D. SASSOON.

—It is said that the members of the ASTOR family paid taxes a few days since at the tax office in this city amounting to $259,057 83. The value of their estate is estimated, in round numbers, at $24,000,000, and is probably cheap at that.

—HENRY BENJAMIN STE. MARIE, who captured JOHN H. SURRATT, died suddenly in Philadelphia a few days since. For SURRATT'S capture the government offered a reward of $25,000. Mr. H. B. STE. M. received from the government only $10,000, and sued for the remainder. He obtained a judgment in the Court of Claims, but the case was carried to the United States Supreme Court, where it is still pending.

—Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR has returned to the United States after having won fresh honors in Iceland, where his little stump speech, in good Danish, was loudly applauded by the Icemen, and heartily cheered by the king. He has yet in hand the great work of his life, the biography of GOETHE. During his stay in Gotha he has had every facility for the prosecution of his researches from the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and various lettered Germans. During the coming winter he will appear as a lecturer, having abundantly prepared himself for that purpose.

—Mr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP informs the Massachusetts Historical Society that it is to receive a gift of an exact copy of that portrait of WASHINGTON which was intended for the Stadtholder in 1780, and which was captured, with LAURENS, by Captain KEPPEL, of the British navy. LAURENS had been appointed our Minister Plenipotentiary to Holland in 1779, and was on his way to the Hague. His imprisonment in the Tower for more than a year made a serious impression upon his health, but he survived to be one of the signers of the preliminary treaty of peace in November, 1782. The copy was procured through the intervention of Mr. ALEXANDER DUNCAN, of Providence, from the original, which is now in the possession of Lord ALBEMARLE, in London.

—The Rev. Dr. WEST, lately of Danville, Kentucky, avers that the Rev. Dr. SWING, of Chicago, is "simply a pantheistic Arian of the Eutychian type, a monophysite, a monothelite, and does not preach the Apangasmal Brilliance of Godhead's glory, but is a Macedonian." What is to be done with a man who labors under the fearful things paraded in the foregoing? Is there *any* hope for such?

—BENJAMIN R. CURTIS, of Boston, who died on the 15th of September, was one of the most eminent lawyers of the time. From 1851 to 1857 he occupied a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, by appointment from President FILLMORE. He resigned for the purpose of resuming practice, the judicial salary being paltry compared with what had been, and what subsequently was, his large professional income. His manner at the bar had much of the eloquence and impressive dignity of DANIEL WEBSTER. He was a learned, able, pure man, an honor to his State and to the country.

—"John Paul," one of the best and most original of American humorists, is about to favor the reading public with an illustrated collection of the sketches, stories, poems, and essays which he has contributed to *Harper's Monthly*, *Weekly*, and *Bazar*, the New York *Times* and *Tribune*, and other magazines and newspapers. It will be a pleasant and attractive volume.

—The BAZAINES are somewhat in the condition of the excellent Micawber, who succinctly summed up his own intellectual and pecuniary position by observing, "*Talent*, I have; *capital*, I have not." When the madame married the marshal she had beaucoup de cash, but when MAXIMILIAN was "shat in Maxico," JUAREZ confiscated all he could lay his hands upon, and left her a nominal pauper with $2000 a year. The marshal hasn't a sixpence, except $20,000 which he got for his house in Paris before they imprisoned him, and that he invested in England.

—GALUSHA A. GROW, ex-M. C. and Speaker of the House of Representatives in the momentous Congress of 1861–62, is now a resident of Texas, and president of the Houston and Great Northern Railroad, the International and the Bragoria Tap roads, making lines over five hundred miles through the heart of Texas. Mr. GROW is the only Speaker who has been compelled by the tumultuous applause of the galleries to threaten to clear them during the delivery of his own inaugural address. It was on the memorable Fourth of July, 1861, and the ringing sentences which evoked the uncontrollable applause were these: "No flag alien to the sources of the Mississippi River will ever float permanently over its mouth till its waters are crimsoned with human gore; and not one foot of American soil can ever be wrenched from the jurisdiction of the Constitution of the United States until it is baptized in fire and blood. A government that can not command the loyalty of its own citizens is unworthy the respect of the world, and a government that will not protect its loyal citizens deserves the contempt of the world." The force of the stirring words was all the greater with an audience remembering the Speaker as the man who had knocked down KEITT, of South Carolina, in a mêlée on the floor of the House. The same ability and pluck have won him equal honor in these later days in Texas.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ON September 14 a mass-meeting of the citizens of New Orleans was called to protest against the recent seizure of arms intended for the White League. A large concourse of men gathered in Canal Street, and adopted resolutions calling upon Governor Kellogg to "abdicate." The Governor refused to accede to the demand. Mr. D. B. Penn, who had been Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor at the last State election in Louisiana, then issued a proclamation, in which he charged Kellogg with having usurped the government, and called upon "the militia of the State, embracing all males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, without regard to color or previous condition, to arm and assemble under their respective officers for the purpose of driving the usurpers from power." In response to this appeal crowds of armed men took possession of the city, erected barricades, defeated and dispersed the Metropolitan Police under General Longstreet, and compelled Governor Kellogg to seek the protection of the United States troops stationed at the Custom-house. Six or eight of the insurgent citizens and twenty or thirty of the police were killed during the fighting, and quite a large number were wounded on both sides. General Badger was severely wounded. Immediately on receiving official intelligence of this outrage, President Grant issued a proclamation, September 16, commanding the disturbers of the peace to disperse within five days. A concentration of United States troops at New Orleans was also ordered, under General Emory, commanding at that place. The firm attitude of the general government had its effect on the White Leaguers. They knew they had to deal with a man of stern resolution, and on the 18th, two days after the issue of the President's proclamation, General Emory reported to Governor Kellogg the surrender of the insurgents and the re-establishment of order. There was no conflict between the insurgents and the United States troops.

On September 17 the stages running between Malvern and Hot Springs, Arkansas, were stopped by masked highwaymen, who robbed the passengers of their money and watches.

The election in Maine, September 14, resulted in the election of the Republican State ticket by a majority of about 12,000. The Republican Congressional candidates were also elected by large majorities.

A disastrous fire occurred Saturday morning, September 19, in Granite Mill No. 1, at Fall River, Massachusetts. The flames caught from the machinery in the fourth story, and spread with such rapidity as to cut off the escape of the operatives in the stories above, some of whom lost their lives in the fire, while others were killed or wounded by jumping from the roof and windows. There were twenty killed, thirty-six wounded, and several reported missing.

In his decision of the case of Mayor Havemeyer, Governor Dix disapproves of his course, charges him with want of decent respect for the Governor, with defying public sentiment, with abuse of executive power, etc., but declines to remove him.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE hostile tone of the German press toward Denmark, and the expulsion of Danish subjects from Germany, cause great indignation in Denmark. The Danish government, it is said, will not only protest against this course, but retaliate by the expulsion of Germans from Danish territory.

Colonel Villette, Marshal Bazaine's aid-de-camp, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for assisting in the marshal's escape.

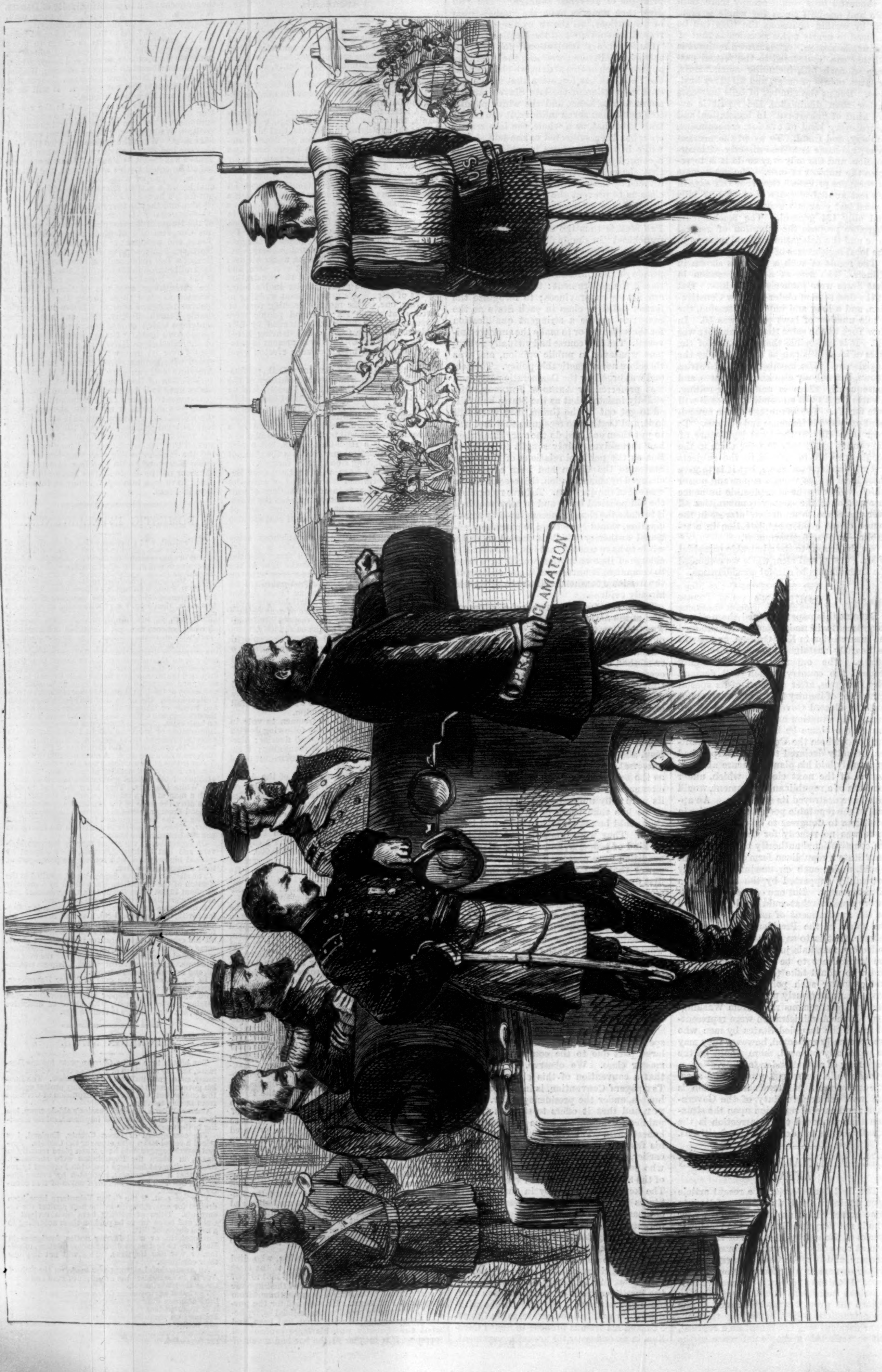
The coast-guard of Essex County, England, has seized a vessel laden with arms for the Carlists. Several severe engagements have taken place recently in Spain, in which the Republicans were successful. Some excitement has been caused in Portugal by rumors that a new scheme, instigated by Prince Bismarck, has been set on foot for a union of that country with Spain.

Five per cent. of the Cuban Volunteers have been drafted for active service in the field against the insurgents. Titles of nobility have been revived in Cuba, and taxes are to be paid on them according to a royal degree of 1846.

Henceforth, or until further notice, foreigners in Hayti are to be treated during any revolution, rebellion, or war like Haytians. This will not improve their condition.

An unsuccessful attempt was made on the 24th of August to assassinate the President of Peru and overthrow the government.

The latest advices from China and Japan state that the Formosan difficulty has not yet been settled; but it is reported that the Japanese are willing to vacate Formosa on condition that the Chinese government will hold the people there under subjection, and acknowledge that the Japanese were justified in occupying the island.



THE LOUISIANA OUTRAGES—PRESIDENT GRANT DEMANDS "UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER."—[See Page 813.]

LOUISIANA AND THE RULE OF TERROR.

MISS JULIA HAYDEN, THE MURDERED SCHOOL-TEACHER.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

JULIA HAYDEN, the colored school-teacher, one of the latest victims of the White Man's League, was only seventeen years of age. She was the daughter of respectable parents in Maury County, Tennessee, and had been carefully educated at the Central College, Nashville, a favorite place for the instruction of youth of both sexes of her race. She is said to have possessed unusual personal attractions as well as intelligence. Under the reign of slavery, as it is defined and upheld by DAVIS and TOOMBS, JULIA HAYDEN would probably have been taken from her parents and sent in a slave-coffle to New Orleans to be sold on its auction block. But emancipation had prepared for her a different and less dreadful fate. With that strong desire for mental cultivation which has marked the colored race since their freedom, in all circumstances where there is an opportunity left them for its exhibition, the young girl had so improved herself as to become capable of teaching others. She went to Western Tennessee and took charge of a school. Three days after her arrival at Hartsville, at night, two white men, armed with guns, appeared at the house where she was staying and demanded the school-teacher. She fled, alarmed, to the room of the mistress of the house. The White Leaguers pursued. They fired their guns through the door of the room, and the young girl fell dead within. Her murderers escaped, nor is it likely that the death of JULIA HAYDEN will ever be avenged, unless the nation insists upon the extermination of the White Man's League. The fearful association extends through every Southern State, and one of its chief objects is to prevent the education and elevation of the colored race. It whips, intimidates, or murders their teachers from the Ohio to the Gulf, and its terrible outrages have already surpassed the horrors of the most vindictive civil war.

Yet the colored people have already made a remarkable progress. Their faithful labors have nearly restored the usual productiveness of the South. The most respectable planters even of Louisiana attest their industry and good conduct. Wherever they have been able they have planted schools, cultivated farms, entered into trade, and in the brief course of eight years have risen from abject slavery to an honorable and useful freedom. No cruelty is laid to their charge even by their enemies—no massacres and frightful deeds like those of the White Man's League. It is only the followers of TOOMBS and DAVIS who have brought upon us the shame of assassinations and midnight murders, who shoot down Republican voters in the open day, and murder young lady school-teachers in the excess of their insanity. The aim of these Thugs of the South is the total extermination of the colored race. DAVIS and TOOMBS, M'ENERY and PENN, are no more than the chiefs of a band of assassins, and their Democratic allies of the North encourage them (it may be hoped unconsciously) in their policy of blood. A very remarkable statement is made in one of the morning papers of a conversation held with an eminent Democratic lawyer, in which he avows his belief that the only remedy for the disorders at the South is the "extirpation" of the colored race. Yet the same arguments which Mr. O'CONOR employs to convince himself of so dreadful a necessity were used by the Norman and Saxon oppressors of Ireland in their war of extermination against his own countrymen. The Roman Catholic priests and monks of the Norman period taught that it was no crime to kill an Irishman. The Protestant rulers, ELIZABETH and even CROMWELL, followed their barbarous example. The Irish kerns were massacred with as little remorse by the English soldiers of the sixteenth century as are the negroes of Louisiana by M'ENERY and PENN. It was a contest of races, and the weaker and more abject received no different treatment from their masters than that which Democratic politicians now prepare for the laboring people of the South. Happily, at least for Ireland, the founders of our republic began a new period of humanity. The cruel superstition of a savage age they threw aside forever. They opened a fair and happy home for the Irish kern and German peasant. The Irish race, which in its own land seemed only worthy of extirpation or of extreme oppression, was received with generous liberality in that of JEFFERSON and ADAMS. Its chains were torn off, its sorrows amended, and the only return our people ask from the once oppressed but now prosperous Irish is that the pity that was bestowed upon them they should show to others, and that they prove their gratitude to freedom and to Protestantism by avoiding every act that may endanger the peace of the republic in which they have found a shelter.

But can Mr. O'CONOR say that they have done this so long as he and his countrymen lend aid to the rebellion at the South, or would introduce into the New World that hatred and contempt for any one class of our citizens, founded upon the difference in race, from which they themselves have been the chief sufferers in the Old? Scarcely, indeed, can it be said that Mr. O'CONOR has set his people a good example. During the rebellion he was the ally of DAVIS and TOOMBS, the foe of the Union cause; at its close he became the friend and supporter of all those desperate men who are laboring to destroy the peace of the Southern States. He is now apparently an advocate for the "extirpation" of the negro, and his last words will be eagerly seized upon by the White Man's League, as incentives to further enormities. The strange, unaccountable hatred of the Irish Catholics for the negro can only be removed by the gradual influence of an American education. It was, no doubt, upon the principles advocated by Mr. O'CONOR that in 1863 they hung unlucky colored men to the lamp-posts of New York, or burned an orphan asylum filled with colored children, that they gave their votes uniformly to disunion throughout the war, and that their

THE LOUISIANA OUTRAGES—ATTACK UPON THE POLICE IN THE STREETS OF NEW ORLEANS.

A DEAD FAILURE.

leaders, with some honorable exceptions, strove to destroy the government to whose friendly shelter they had fled from their native island. It may be hoped that the future of the Irish race will be marked by more honorable traits of conduct, that they will study the teachings of WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON, and learn in the common school the duties of an American citizen.

Louisiana, now torn and dismembered by a new insurrection, has been the chief victim of the White Man's League. Rich, prosperous, the centre of the most hideous features of the Southern slave-trade, it flung itself madly into rebellion without a cause, and staked its whole welfare upon the maintenance of slavery. It came out from the war ruined and covered with woe. Poverty and even extreme want stalked through the streets of New Orleans, and its people were fed by the charity of the nation they had sought to destroy. Its merchants were bankrupt, its levees crumbling into ruin, and but for the aid of the too lenient North, the Mississippi might have flowed over its richest lands, and its capital fallen into a blighted waste. But the Free States lent it their aid; its people pledged their honor to obey the laws; the prosperity of Louisiana seemed about to revive; the colored population labored once more with new assiduity as free men. It was at this moment that the White Man's League began its outrages, and the new progress of Louisiana suffered a fatal check. In 1867 it had given a Republican majority; in 1868 so fearful had been the system of terrorism established by the Ku-Klux that only five thousand Republicans ventured to vote for GRANT and COLFAX. From that time the State has been the scene of constant assassinations, outrages, violence, disorder. The life of no Republican, white or black, has been safe. And the people who had sworn obedience to the constitution and the laws have violated every principle of honor. Capital and industry have fled from the terrified community. The shops and houses of New Orleans have stood silent and empty. The Mississippi has broken over the crumbling levees, and a large part of the people of the State have once more lived upon the alms of the nation. The White Man's League has effected the ruin of a community that might have been slowly benefited by Northern capital and enterprise, and has at last completed its crimes by rising in a new rebellion. Nothing but severe and austere justice should now be awarded to this infamous association. The murderers who in 1868 drove all the Republican voters from the polls, who in 1872 burned nearly a hecatomb of colored people in Grant Parish, and who have recently slaughtered the United States officials at Coushatta, whose offenses are enormous and indescribable, have presumed to seize upon the city of New Orleans, and defy the will of the people. Living upon the alms of the government, they have yet found money, it seems, to purchase muskets; covered with crime, they appeal to the country for sympathy. But the strong arm of the nation has already reached them, and they will find that the period of mercy is past. Rebellion and disunion must be crushed to atoms in every Southern State, and so strict a guard kept for the future that our country will offer no asylum for traitors in the guise of a White Man's League.

Such a policy would be sustained by a majority of the peaceful citizens of the South as well as the North. The White Man's League has no strength except where it rules by force. Even Georgia would give a vast majority against disunion and the profligate TOOMBS if its people were allowed to vote freely. It was only terror that held New Orleans in subjection to PENN. The New Orleans *Picayune*, edited by a duelist's blood-stained hand, commanded the White Leaguers "to shoot down like a dog" every white or black Republican who was seen attempting to excite an opposition to its murderous rule. There is no disguise there. The citizens of the North and West have been insulted upon its streets, and shot like dogs. And they have been scarcely better treated in Georgia and Alabama. The condition of the Southern States has been for a long time a shame to freedom and to civilization. Let the people rise with stern unanimity from ocean to ocean to strike down the rebels and their Northern abettors, and insist that the life of the humblest citizen of Maine or Minnesota shall be inviolable even in New Orleans. Before a united people the rebellion will be crushed to atoms in a moment.

The sudden surrender of the rebels and their late repentance can afford no palliation for their guilt. For eight years they have wasted the resources of Louisiana and destroyed its prosperity, have covered it with terror, bloodshed, and shame. The President has never more clearly represented the will of the people than when he declared that there should be no compromise with rebellion. Whatever may have been the errors of the KELLOGG government—and it is worthy of notice that the only testimony against the Republican Governor comes from men stained with murder, and to whom falsehood is more familiar than truth—it is not for the assassins of Coushatta or Grant Parish to speak of justice, nor will they find any sympathy or support, except perhaps among their natural allies in Tammany Hall. The people demand their punishment. The majesty of the law must be asserted in every part of the South. Impunity only excites the outlaws to new violence; nor will the nation be satisfied until free speech and perfect liberty of thought and action are enforced from the Ohio to the Gulf. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE FROZEN DEEP.

A Short Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

FOURTH SCENE.—THE GARDEN.

CHAPTER XV.

AT the drawing-room window of the villa there appeared a polite little man, with bright intelligent eyes, and cheerful sociable manners. Neatly dressed in professional black, he stood, self-proclaimed, a prosperous country doctor—successful and popular in a wide circle of patients and friends. As Mrs. Crayford approached him he stepped out briskly to meet her on the lawn, with both hands extended in courteous and cordial greeting.

"My dear madam, accept my heart-felt congratulations!" cried the doctor. "I have seen the good news in the paper; and I could hardly feel more rejoiced than I do now if I had the honor of knowing Lieutenant Crayford personally. We mean to celebrate the occasion at home. I said to my wife before I came out, 'A bottle of the old Madeira at dinner to-day, mind!—to drink the lieutenant's health; God bless him!' And how is our interesting patient? The news is not altogether what we could wish, so far as she is concerned. I felt a little anxious, to tell you the truth, about the effect of it; and I have paid my visit to-day before my usual time. Not that I take a gloomy view of the news myself. No! There is clearly a doubt about the correctness of the information, so far as Mr. Aldersley is concerned—and that is a point, a great point, in Mr. Aldersley's favor. I give him the benefit of the doubt, as the lawyers say. Does Miss Burnham give him the benefit of the doubt too? I hardly dare hope it, I confess."

"Miss Burnham has grieved and alarmed me," Mrs. Crayford answered. "I was just thinking of sending for you when we met here."

With those introductory words, she told the doctor exactly what had happened, repeating not only the conversation of that morning between Clara and herself, but also the words which had fallen from Clara in the trance of the past night.

The doctor listened attentively. Little by little its easy smiling composure vanished from his face, as Mrs. Crayford went on, and left him completely transformed into a grave and thoughtful man.

"Let us go and look at her," he said.

He seated himself by Clara's side, and carefully studied her face, with his hand on her pulse. There was no sympathy here, between the dreamy mystical temperament of the patient and the downright practical character of the doctor. Clara secretly disliked her medical attendant. She submitted impatiently to the close investigation of which he made her the object. He questioned her—and she answered irritably. Advancing a step farther (the doctor was not easily discouraged), he adverted to the news of the Expedition, and took up the tone of remonstrance which had been already adopted by Mrs. Crayford. Clara declined to discuss the question. She rose with formal politeness, and requested permission to return to the house. The doctor attempted no further resistance. "By all means, Miss Burnham," he answered, resignedly—having first cast a look at Mrs. Crayford, which said, plainly, "Stay here with me." Clara bowed her acknowledgments in cold silence, and left them together. The doctor's bright eyes followed the girl's wasted yet still graceful figure as it slowly receded from view, with an expression of grave anxiety, which Mrs. Crayford noticed with grave misgiving on her side. He said nothing until Clara had disappeared under the veranda which ran round the garden side of the house.

"I think you told me," he began, "that Miss Burnham has neither father nor mother living?"

"Yes. Miss Burnham is an orphan."

"Has she any near relatives?"

"No. You may speak to me as her guardian and her friend. Are you alarmed about her?"

"I am seriously alarmed. It is only two days since I called here last, and I see a marked change in her for the worse; physically and morally a change for the worse. Don't needlessly alarm yourself! The case is not, I trust, entirely beyond the reach of remedy. The great hope for us is the hope that Mr. Aldersley may still be living. In that event I should feel no misgivings about the future. Her marriage would make a healthy and a happy woman of her. But as things are, I own I dread that settled conviction in her mind that Mr. Aldersley is dead, and that her own death is soon to follow. In her present state of health this idea (haunting her, as it certainly will, night and day) will have its influence on her body as well as on her mind. Unless we can check the mischief her last reserves of strength will give way. If you wish for other advice, by all means send for it. You have my opinion."

"I am quite satisfied with your opinion," Mrs. Crayford replied. "For God's sake tell me what can we do?"

"We can try a complete change," said the doctor. "We can remove her at once from this place."

"She will refuse to leave it," Mrs. Crayford rejoined. "I have more than once proposed a change to her, and she always says No."

The doctor paused for a moment, like a man collecting his thoughts.

"I heard something on my way here," he proceeded, "which suggests to my mind a method of meeting the difficulty that you have just mentioned. Unless I am entirely mistaken, Miss Burnham will not say No to the change that I have in view for her."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Crayford, eagerly.

"Pardon me if I ask you a question, on my part, before I reply," said the doctor. "Are you fortunate enough to possess any interest at the Admiralty?"

"Certainly. My father is in the Secretary's office, and two of the Lords of the Admiralty are friends of his."

"Excellent! Now I can speak out plainly, with little fear of disappointing you. After what I have said, you will agree with me that the only change in Miss Burnham's life which will be of any use to her is a change that will alter the present tone of her mind on the subject of Mr. Aldersley. Place her in a position to discover—not by reference to her own distempered fancies and visions, but by reference to actual evidence and actual fact—whether Mr. Aldersley is or is not a living man, and there will be an end of the hysterical delusions which now threaten to fatally undermine her health. Even taking matters at their worst—even assuming that Mr. Aldersley has died in the Arctic Seas—it will be less injurious to her to discover this positively than to leave her mind to feed on its own morbid superstitions and speculations, for weeks and weeks together, while the next news from the Expedition is on its way to England. In one word, I want you to be in a position, before the week is out, to put Miss Burnham's present conviction to a practical test. Suppose you could say to her, 'We differ, my dear, about Mr. Francis Aldersley. You declare, without the shadow of a reason for it, that he is certainly dead, and, worse still, that he has died by the act of one of his brother officers. I assert, on the authority of the newspapers, that nothing of the sort has happened, and that the chances are all in favor of his being still a living man. What do you say to crossing the Atlantic, and deciding which of us is right—you or I?' Do you think Miss Burnham will say No to that, Mrs. Crayford? If I know any thing of human nature, she will seize the opportunity as a means of converting you to a belief in the Second-sight."

"Good Heavens, doctor! do you mean to tell me that we are to go to sea and meet the Arctic Expedition on its way home?"

"Admirably guessed, Mrs. Crayford! That is exactly what I mean."

"But how is it to be done?"

"I will tell you immediately. I mentioned—didn't I?—that I had heard something on my road to this house."

"Yes."

"Well, I met an old friend at my own gate, who walked with me a part of the way here. Last night my friend dined with the Admiral at Portsmouth. Among the guests there was a member of the Ministry, who had brought the news about the Expedition with him from London. This gentleman told the company there was very little doubt that the Admiralty would immediately send out a steam-vessel to meet the rescued men on the shores of America and bring them home. Wait a little, Mrs. Crayford! Nobody knows as yet under what rules and regulations the vessel will sail. Under somewhat similar circumstances privileged people *have* been received as passengers, or rather as guests, in her Majesty's ships, and what has been conceded on former occasions may, by bare possibility, be conceded now. I can say no more. If you are not afraid of the voyage for yourself, I am not afraid of it—nay, I am all in favor of it on medical grounds—for my patient. What do you say? Will you write to your father, and ask him to try what his interest will do with his friends at the Admiralty?"

Mrs. Crayford rose excitedly to her feet.

"Write!" she exclaimed. "I will do better than write. The journey to London is no great matter, and my housekeeper here is to be trusted to take care of Clara in my absence. I will see my father to-night! He shall make good use of his interest at the Admiralty—you may rely on that. Oh, my dear doctor, what a prospect it is! My husband! Clara! What a discovery you have made! what a treasure you are! How can I thank you?"

"Compose yourself, my dear madam. Don't make too sure of success. We may consider Miss Burnham's objections as disposed of beforehand. But suppose the Lords of the Admiralty say No?"

"In that case I shall be in London, doctor, and I shall go to them myself. Lords are only men, and men are not in the habit of saying No to *me*."

So they parted.

In a week from that day her Majesty's ship *Amazon* sailed for North America. Certain privileged persons, especially interested in the Arctic voyagers, were permitted to occupy the empty state-rooms on board. On the list of these favored guests of the ship were the names of two ladies—Mrs. Crayford and Miss Burnham.

FIFTH SCENE.—THE BOAT-HOUSE.

CHAPTER XVI.

ONCE more the open sea—the sea whose waters break on the shores of Newfoundland! An English steam-ship lies at anchor in the offing. The vessel is plainly visible through the open doorway of a large boat-house on the shore, one of the buildings attached to a fishing station on the coast of the island.

The only person in the boat-house at this moment is a man in the dress of a sailor. He is seated on a chest, with a piece of cord in his hand, looking out idly at the sea. On the rough carpenter's table near him lies a strange object to be left in such a place—a woman's veil.

What is the vessel lying at anchor in the offing?

The vessel is the *Amazon*—dispatched from England to receive the surviving officers and men of the Arctic Expedition. The meeting has been successfully effected on the shores of North America three days since. But the homeward voyage has been delayed by a storm which has driven the ship out of her course. Taking advantage, on the third day, of the first returning calm, the commander of the *Amazon* has anchored off the coast of Newfoundland, and has sent ashore to increase his supplies of water before he sails for England. The weary passengers have landed for a few hours, to refresh themselves after the discomforts of the tempest. Among them are the two ladies. The veil left on the table in the boat-house is Clara's veil.

And who is the man sitting on the chest, with the cord in his hand, looking out idly at the sea? The man is the only cheerful person in the ship's company. In other words, John Want.

Still reposing on the chest, our friend who never grumbles is surprised by the sudden appearance of a sailor at the boat-house door.

"Look sharp with your work, there, John Want," says the sailor; "Lieutenant Crayford is just coming in to look after you."

With this warning the messenger disappears again. John Want rises with a groan, turns the chest up on one end, and begins to fasten the cord round it. The ship's cook is not a man to look back on his rescue with the feeling of unmitigated satisfaction which animates his companions in trouble. On the contrary, he is ungratefully disposed to regret the North Pole.

"If I had only known"—thus runs the train of thought in the mind of John Want—"if I had only known before I was rescued that I was to be brought to this place, I believe I should have preferred staying at the North Pole. I was very happy keeping up every body's spirits at the North Pole. Taking one thing with another, I think I must have been very comfortable at the North Pole—if I had only known it. Another man in my place might be inclined to say that this Newfoundland boat-house was rather a sloppy,

slimy, draughty, fishy sort of a habitation to take shelter in. Another man might object to perpetual Newfoundland fogs, perpetual Newfoundland cod-fish, and perpetual Newfoundland dogs. We have some very nice bears at the North Pole. Never mind! it's all one to me—*I* don't grumble."

"Have you done cording that box?"

This time the voice is a voice of authority—the man at the doorway is Lieutenant Crayford himself. John Want answers his officer in his own cheerful way:

"I've done it as well as I can, Sir; but the damp of this place is beginning to tell upon our very ropes. I say nothing about our lungs—I only say our ropes."

Crayford answers sharply. He seems to have lost his former relish for the humor of John Want.

"Pooh! To look at your wry face, one would think that our rescue from the Arctic regions was a downright misfortune. You deserve to be sent back again."

"I could be just as cheerful as ever, Sir, if I *was* sent back again. I hope I'm thankful; but I don't like to hear the North Pole run down in such a fishy place as this. It was very clean and snowy at the North Pole, and it's very damp and sandy here. Do you never miss your bone soup, Sir? *I* do. It mightn't have been strong, but it was very hot, and the cold seemed to give it a kind of meaty flavor as it went down. Was it you that was a-coughing so long last night, Sir? I don't presume to say any thing against the air of these latitudes, but I should be glad to know it wasn't you that was a-coughing so hollow. Would you be so obliging as just to feel the state of these ropes with the ends of your fingers, Sir? You can dry them afterward on the back of my jacket."

"You ought to have a stick laid on the back of your jacket. Take that box down to the boat directly. You croaking vagabond! You would have grumbled in the Garden of Eden!"

The philosopher of the Expedition was not a man to be silenced by referring him to the Garden of Eden. Paradise itself was not perfect to John Want.

"I hope I could be cheerful any where, Sir," said the ship's cook. "But you mark my words, there must have been a deal of troublesome work with the flower beds in the Garden of Eden."

Having entered that unanswerable protest, John Want shouldered the box, and drifted drearily out of the boat-house.

Left by himself, Crayford looked at his watch, and called to a sailor outside.

"Where are the ladies?" he asked.

"Mrs. Crayford is coming this way, Sir. She was just behind you when you came in."

"Is Miss Burnham with her?"

"No, Sir; Miss Burnham is down on the beach with the passengers. I heard the young lady asking after you, Sir."

"Asking after me?" Crayford considered with himself as he repeated the words. He added, in lower and graver tones, "You had better tell Miss Burnham you have seen me here."

The man made his salute and went out. Crayford took a turn in the boat-house.

Rescued from death in the Arctic wastes, and reunited to a beautiful wife, the lieutenant looked, nevertheless, unaccountably anxious and depressed. What could he be thinking of? He was thinking of Clara.

On the first day when the rescued men were received on board the *Amazon* Clara had embarrassed and distressed not Crayford only, but the officers of the Expedition as well, by the manner in which she questioned them on the subject of Francis Aldersley and Richard Wardour. She had shewn no signs of dismay or despair when she heard that no news had been received of the two missing men. She had even smiled sadly to herself when Crayford (out of compassionate regard for her) declared that he and his comrades had not given up the hope of seeing Frank and Wardour yet. It was only when the lieutenant had expressed himself in those terms, and when it was hoped that the painful subject had been dismissed, that Clara had startled every one present by announcing that she had something still to say in relation to Frank and Wardour which had not been said yet. Though she spoke guardedly, her next words revealed suspicions of foul play lurking in her mind—exactly reflecting similar suspicions lurking in Crayford's mind—which so distressed the lieutenant, and so surprised his comrades, as to render them quite incapable of answering her. The warnings of the storm which shortly afterward broke over the vessel were then visible in sea and sky. Crayford made them his excuse for abruptly leaving the cabin in which the conversation had taken place. His brother officers, profiting by his example, pleaded their duties on deck, and followed him out.

On the next day, and the next, the tempest still raged, and the passengers were not able to leave their state-rooms. But now, when the weather had moderated, and the ship had anchored—now, when officers and passengers alike were on shore, with leisure time at their disposal, Clara had opportunities of returning to the subject of the lost men, and of asking questions in relation to them, which would make it impossible for Crayford to plead an excuse for not answering her. How was he to meet those questions? How could he still keep her in ignorance of the truth?

These were the reflections which now troubled Crayford, and which presented him, after his rescue, in the strangely inappropriate character of a depressed and anxious man. His brother officers, as he well knew, looked to him to take the chief responsibility. If he declined to accept it, he would instantly confirm the horrible suspicion in Clara's mind. The emergency must be met; but how to meet it—at once honorably and mercifully—was more than Crayford could tell. He was still lost in his own gloomy thoughts when his wife entered the boat-house. Turning to look at her, he saw his own perturbations and anxieties plainly reflected in Mrs. Crayford's face.

"Have you seen any thing of Clara?" he asked. "Is she still on the beach?"

"She is following me to this place," Mrs. Crayford replied. "I have been speaking to her this morning. She is just as resolute as ever to insist on your telling her of the circumstances under which Frank is missing. As things are, you have no alternative but to answer her."

"Help me to answer her, Lucy. Tell me, before she comes in, how this dreadful suspicion first took possession of her. All she could possibly have known, when we left England, was that the two men were appointed to separate ships. What could have led her to suspect that they had come together?"

"She was firmly persuaded, William, that they *would* come together when the Expedition left England. And she had read in books of Arctic travel of men left behind by their comrades on the march, and of men adrift on icebergs. With her mind full of these images and forebodings, she saw Frank and Wardour (or dreamed of them) in one of her attacks of trance. I was by her side; I heard what she said at the time. She warned Frank that Wardour had discovered the truth. She called out to him, 'While you can stand, keep with the other men, Frank!'"

"Good God!" cried Crayford; "I warned him myself, almost in those very words, the last time I saw him!"

"Don't acknowledge it, William. Keep her in ignorance of what you have just told me. She will not take it for what it is—a startling coincidence, and nothing more. She will accept it as positive confirmation of the faith, the miserable superstitious faith, that is in her. So long as you don't actually know that Frank is dead, and that he has died by Wardour's hand, deny what she says—mislead her for her own sake—dispute all her conclusions as I dispute them. Help me to raise her to the better and nobler belief in the mercy of God!" She stopped, and looked round nervously at the doorway. "Hush!" she whispered. "Do as I told you. Clara is here."

CHAPTER XVII.

Clara stopped at the doorway, looking backward and forward distrustfully between the husband and wife. Entering the boat-house, and approaching Crayford, she took his arm, and led him away a few steps from the place in which Mrs. Crayford was standing.

"There is no storm now, and there are no duties to be done on board the ship," she said, with the faint sad smile which it wrung Crayford's heart to see. "You are Lucy's husband, and you have an interest in me for Lucy's sake. Don't shrink on that account from giving me pain: I can bear pain. Friend and brother, will you believe that I have courage enough to hear the worst? Will you promise not to deceive me about Frank?"

The gentle resignation in her voice, the sad pleading in her look, shook Crayford's self-possession at the outset. He answered her in the worst possible manner—he answered evasively.

"My dear Clara," he said, "what have I done that you should suspect me of deceiving you?"

She looked him searchingly in the face, then glanced with renewed distrust at Mrs. Crayford. There was a moment of silence. Before any of the three could speak again, they were interrupted by the appearance of one of Crayford's brother officers, followed by two sailors carrying a hamper between them. Crayford instantly dropped Clara's arm, and seized the welcome opportunity of speaking of other things.

"Any instructions from the ship, Steventon?" he asked, approaching the officer.

"Verbal instructions only," Steventon replied. "The ship will sail with the flood-tide. We shall fire a gun to collect the people, and send another boat ashore. In the mean time here are some refreshments for the passengers. The ship is in a state of confusion; the ladies will eat their luncheon more comfortably here."

Hearing this, Mrs. Crayford took *her* opportunity of silencing Clara next.

"Come, my dear," she said. "Let us lay the cloth before the gentlemen come in."

Clara was too seriously bent on attaining the object which she had in view to be silenced in that way. "I will help you directly," she answered, then crossed the room and addressed herself to the officer whose name was Steventon.

"Can you spare me a few minutes?" she asked. "I have something to say to you."

"I am entirely at your service, Miss Burnham."

Answering in those words, Steventon dismissed the two sailors. Mrs. Crayford looked anxiously at her husband. Crayford whispered to her, "Don't be alarmed about Steventon. I have cautioned him. His discretion is to be depended on."

Clara beckoned to Crayford to return to her.

"I will not keep you long," she said. "I will promise not to distress Mr. Steventon. Young as I am, you shall both find that I am capable of self-control. I won't ask you to go back to the story of your past sufferings. I only want to be sure that I am right about one thing—I mean about what happened at the time when the exploring party was dispatched in search of help. As I understand it, you cast lots among yourselves who was to go with the party and who was to remain behind. Frank cast the lot to go." She paused, shuddering. "And Richard Wardour," she went on, "cast the lot to remain behind. On your honor, as officers and gentlemen, is this the truth?"

"On my honor," Crayford answered, "it is the truth."

"On my honor," Steventon repeated, "it is the truth."

She looked at them, carefully considering her next words before she spoke again.

"You both drew the lot to stay in the huts," she said, addressing Crayford and Steventon, "and you are both here. Richard Wardour drew the lot to stay, and Richard Wardour is not here. How does his name come to be with Frank's on the list of the missing?"

The question was a dangerous one to answer. Steventon left it to Crayford to reply. Once again he answered evasively.

"It doesn't follow, my dear," he said, "that the two men were missing together because their names happen to come together on the list."

Clara instantly drew the inevitable conclusion from that ill-considered reply.

"Frank is missing from the party of relief," she said. "Am I to understand that Wardour is missing from the huts?"

Both Crayford and Steventon hesitated. Mrs. Crayford cast one indignant look at them, and told the necessary lie without a moment's hesitation.

"Yes!" she said. "Wardour is missing from the huts."

Quickly as she had spoken, she had still spoken too late. Clara had noticed the momentary hesitation on the part of the two officers. She turned to Steventon.

"I trust to your honor," she said, quietly. "Am I right or wrong in believing that Mrs. Crayford is mistaken?"

She had addressed herself to the right man of the two. Steventon had no wife present to exercise authority over him. Steventon, put on his honor, and fairly forced to say something, owned the truth. Wardour had replaced an officer whom accident had disabled from accompanying the party of relief, and Wardour and Frank were missing together.

Clara looked at Mrs. Crayford.

"You hear?" she said. "It is you who are mistaken; not I. What you call 'Accident,' what I call 'Fate,' brought Richard Wardour and Frank together as members of the same Expedition, after all." Without waiting for a reply, she again turned to Steventon, and surprised him by changing the painful subject of the conversation of her own accord.

"Have you been in the Highlands of Scotland?" she asked.

"I have never been in the Highlands," the lieutenant replied.

"Have you ever read in books about the Highlands of such a thing as 'the Second-sight?'"

"Yes."

"Do you believe in the Second-sight?"

Steventon politely declined to commit himself to a direct reply.

"I don't know what I might have done if I had ever been in the Highlands," he said. "As it is, I have had no opportunities of giving the subject any serious consideration."

[to be continued.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday,	27.	—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	29.	—St. Michael and all Angels.
Wednesday,	30.	—National Congregational Council, New Haven.

OCTOBER.

Sunday,	4.	—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	6.	—Annual Meeting of the A. B. C. F. M., Rutland, Vermont.
Wednesday,	7.	—Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, New York.
Sunday,	11.	—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	18.	—St. Luke the Evangelist; Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	25.	—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	28.	—SS. Simon and Jude.

On the 16th of September the third Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Illinois was elected by the Diocesan Convention to fill the place of the late Bishop Whitehouse. The choice fell upon the Rev. George F. Seymour, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary, New York. Dr. De Koven, of Wisconsin, and Dr. Huntington, of Worcester, Massachusetts, were also candidates. The name of the former was withdrawn, and on the second ballot Professor Seymour received thirty-four clerical and thirty-two lay votes. Subsequently the nomination was made unanimous. Dr. Seymour is classed as a High-Churchman.

The American Unitarian Association have undertaken to offer a copy of Channing's works as a gift to every settled minister in America. The association, in announcing their purpose, say of their great representative: "By all the world he is coming to be recognized as one of the foremost of American writers, a leading champion of religious and political freedom, of education and philanthropy, a devoted advocate of Christianity, yet superior to sect, a seeker for truth, and a lover of mankind, whose grand utterance and noble character are alike the signal illustration of liberal Christianity." The occasion of this extraordinary act of liberality is the completion of the fiftieth year of the existence of the society.

The Adventists, who usually hold a camp-meeting at Alton Bay, New Hampshire, have divided within a year past. The new party call themselves "Timists;" they have fixed for the date of the end of the world May 1, 1875.

The conflict between the order of Freemasons and the Roman Catholic Church has broken out in this country. According to the *Catholic Review*, of this city, a Mason in Terre Haute, Indiana, on the approach of death, sought reconciliation with the Churc by the abjuration of Masonry. After his death his Masonic brethren determined to bury him with the ceremonies of their order in the Catholic cemetery, where Hickey owned a lot. This was done against the protest of the priest. The affair has created a discussion in the papers between Colonel R. N. Thompson, formerly a member of Congress, and Father Lesen, the priest.

The Warren Baptist Association of Rhode Island, one of the oldest in the country, has recognized open-communion churches. Last year it met with the Calvary Church of Westerly, and elected an open communionist, the Rev. Charles H. Malcolm, D.D., Moderator. This year it met with the Second Church of Newport, also open communionist. The session was entirely harmonious.

The death is announced of Mar Yohanan, the well-known Nestorian bishop. He was one of the first of the natives to welcome Dr. Perkins to Urumiyah, Persia. For many years he was an active co-worker with the missionaries at this station, which was the seat of his see. In 1842 he accompanied Dr. Perkins to the United States, and preached in various Protestant churches. After his burial, according to the custom of the country, the whole company returned to his house and partook of refreshments, the number of people being about fifteen hundred.

The National Congregational Council, which meets at New Haven, September 30, will be opened with a sermon by Dr. R. S. Storrs. Papers will be read by Dr. Dwinell, of California, on the fellowship of the Churches; by Dr. Clark, of Boston, on the Congregational foreign missions; by President Smith, of Dartmouth, on the state of religion in colleges; by the Hon. H. P. Haven, of New London, on Sunday-schools, city missions, etc.; by the Rev. Dr. Eddy, of Michigan, on the reasons for hoping for an immediate general outpouring of the Holy Ghost; and by President Fairchild, of Oberlin, upon the character essential to the religion which will influence the American people. Other speakers are expected to address the Council, including Rev. Mr. Murray, of Boston, Rev. Mr. Beard, of Syracuse, Rev. C. L. Goodell, of Missouri, and Dr. Coe, of New York.

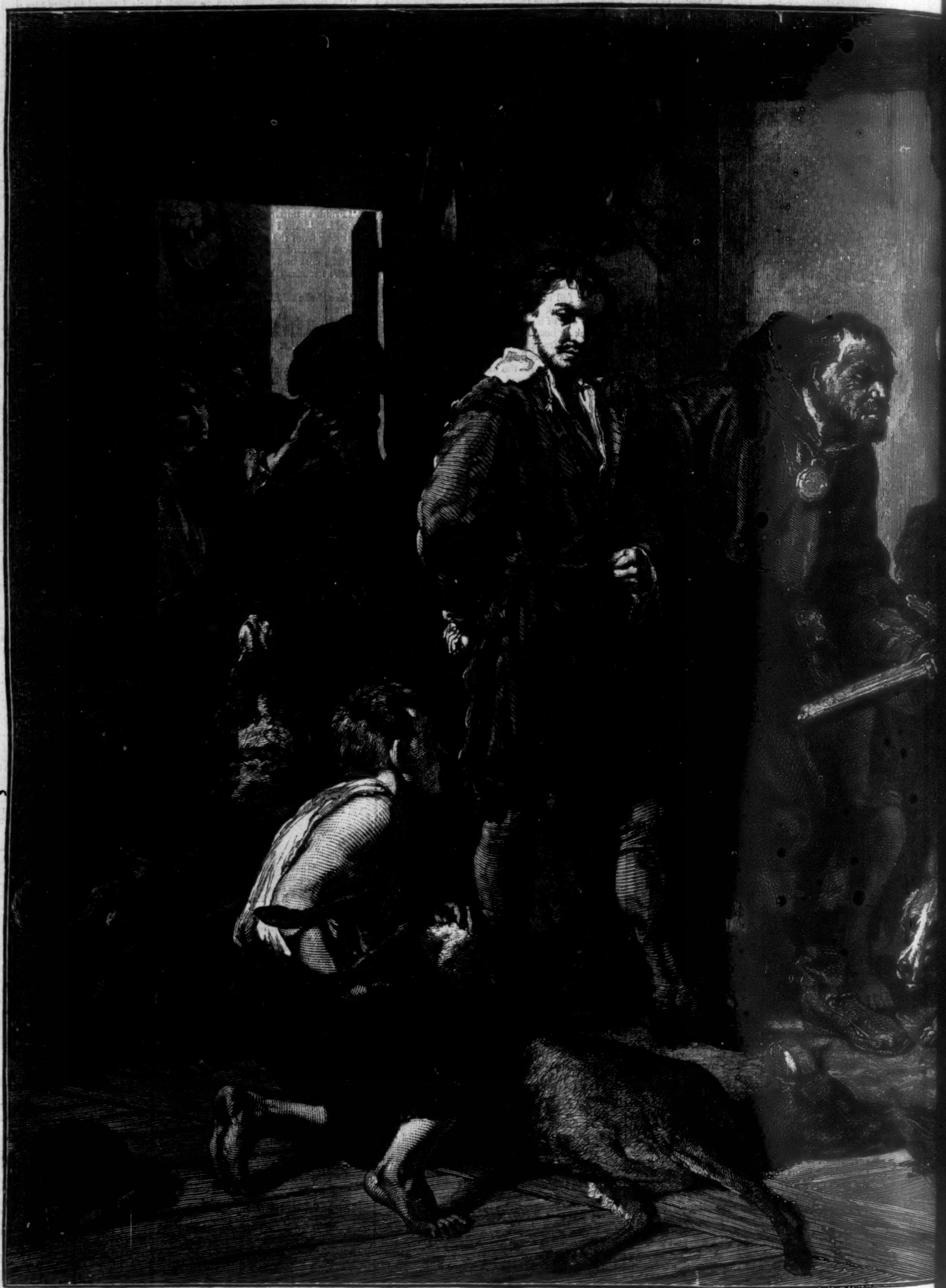
The Universalist General Convention commenced its session on Tuesday, September 15, at Dr. Chapin's church, in this city. The treasurer reported the receipts of the year to be $15,834, expenditures $16,591. Other obligations increase the deficiency to $2500. The Murray fund now amounts to $120,901; it is intended to increase it to $200,000. The following appropriations were voted for the ensuing year:

For scholarships	$8000
For missions	5000
For General Secretary	3500
For interest	1500
For books and blanks for statistical records.	800
For incidental expenses, including missionary boxes, printing, etc	1000
For secretary's office	1200

The Board of Trustees recommended the adoption of some plan by which the zeal and activity of Christian women can be made more available. The time of assembling the Convention was changed to the Wednesday preceding the fourth Sunday in October. During the session a telegraphic dispatch was received from the Unitarian National Conference at Saratoga containing a cordial greeting. A friendly answer was at once returned.

The Sixth Biennial Conference of the Unitarians of the United States was opened in Saratoga Wednesday, September 16. About a thousand persons are stated to have been present at the first session. Judge E. R. Hoar presided. Rev. E. E. Hale read the report of the Council of Ten, which transacts all business occurring between the biennial meetings. He spoke of an invitation to them from the Protestant Verein of Germany to send delegates to their Conference, which meets next week, and suggested the compilation of a register of the liberal Churches of the world. The Church was reported to be in a good financial condition, but the receipts during the last year had greatly fallen off. This caused considerable discussion. Friendly greetings were exchanged with the Universalist Convention in session in New York. According to their Year-Book, the Unitarians have 358 societies and 398 ministers. The Conference closed Friday, September 18.

Mary Howitt exposes in the *Leisure Hour* the scandalous falsehoods told by the priests to the simple peasantry of Europe of the imprisonment of the Pope. In the Austrian Tyrol, where the Howitts spend their summers, the people believe that the Holy Father endures all the miseries of a rigorous captivity. "At Antwerp," says Mrs. Howitt, "one Sunday a preacher, having painted in most vivid colors the maltreatment, the sufferings, the imprisonment of the head of the Church, cried out, 'How is it possible to deny all this when here is the straw on which lies in chains the Holy Father?' At these words the whole congregation burst into sobbing and weeping, and, rushing forward to the priest, secured for themselves little bundles of the straw, which he sold at half a franc a bundle. Almost all the parish priests sell these, and it is said that half of the money goes to the Vatican. But this is not all. At Ghent they sell photographs in which is represented the Pope, in chains, looking out from between strong iron bars from a little dismal cell, a *bersagliere* standing guard over him with his musket. This photograph, the priests say, was taken from the life, therefore it can not be false, and there is shown the Holy Father suffering in one of the most horrible dungeons of Rome. These photographs are sold to the members of the Catholic Association at half a franc each, and to other people at one franc and a half. The half of this money goes to St. Peter's. They sell thousands of copies. The one I procured bears the number 45,343 of the ninth series. It is a singular fact that the Pope at the present time has never for years been so well in health as now, never so merry or so free. Hundreds of people, both Catholics and Protestants, see him every week—almost daily—in his luxurious palace, full of joke and lively repartee, as is his wont."



SHAKSPEARE BEFORE THE JU ES,

SHAKSPEARE.

About twenty years ago a very clever article, entitled "The Philosophy of Shakspeare's Plays Unfolded," appeared in *Putnam's Magazine*. The writer, afterward ascertained to be Miss Delia Bacon, advanced the theory that the plays were written by Lord Bacon, and supported her view by many ingenious but specious arguments. By most readers the article was taken for a rather ponderous *jeu d'esprit*, designed to see how far the public could be taken in. It soon appeared, however, that the lady was in dead earnest; her reasoning had convinced herself, if few others could accept her theory. The essay was afterward enlarged to a volume, but the author simply extended her first arguments without adding a single new item of proof, and the subject gradually dropped out of sight, greatly to the relief of sensible people. Miss Bacon visited England in the prosecution of her inquiries, and tried to obtain permission to have Shakspeare's tomb opened, in the hope of finding therein documentary evidence of her theory. Her request was of course refused. It is a little singular that simultaneously with the publication of Miss Bacon's essay a book appeared in London, written by a Mr. Smith, on the same theory. Each author appears to have written in complete ignorance of the other's speculations.

The Baconian theory received the support of very able minds both in England and this country. It found a firm believer in the late Lord Palmerston, who used to maintain that Bacon wrote the plays, and passed them off under the name of an actor for fear of compromising his professional prospects and philosophic gravity, actors and play-writers being in rather low repute in his time. But the most ponderous and perhaps the most ingenious contribution to the literature of this controversy was furnished by the Hon. Nathaniel Holmes, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who, in 1866, published an octavo volume of 600 pages, in which he sought to prove the claim made for Bacon. The work made but little impression, either in England or this country, and had sunk entirely out of sight, when attention was again called to it and to the general subject by an interesting article in a late number of *Fraser's Magazine*, which gave a very readable analysis of the author's argument. The book seeks to ground the belief in the theory that Bacon and not Shakspeare wrote the plays upon scientific rather than circumstantial evidence. Stripped of digressive verbiage, the gist of the argument is that Shakspeare, a man of little school learning, could not have written plays abounding with evidence of familiarity with husbandry, farming, gardening, and domestic economy, military and nautical affairs,

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…s, and government, …sports, and even the …s and rogues. This …Who did write these …mong all the writers …d all the conditions? …iss BACON and Mr. …these requirements …theory received some …oration from a sup- …re as an upstart crow …re not his own, which …by ROBERT GREENE. …upon the fact that …de use of the sentiment that the best method of teaching history was by means of the drama, and on the circumstance that the gaps in BACON'S fragmentary history of England are exactly filled by SHAKSPEARE'S plays, while what SHAKSPEARE has omitted is found in the history. Judge HOLMES adduces in support of the theory a number of parallelisms in thought and expression which occur in the dramas and in BACON'S works.

On the other hand, those who support the Baconian theory overlook the all-important fact that in all BACON'S acknowledged works there is not a single trace of the poetic and creative faculty, not a trace of imagination, which is the soul of poetry, none of that play of humor and fancy that flashes through the comedies of SHAKSPEARE. Surely some trace of these traits must have appeared had he possessed them. BACON'S acknowledged verse—for he wrote what he considered poetry—is of the dreariest kind. Here and there may be found a vigorous line and felicitous expression, but these only serve to set the rest in a still worse light. The great philosopher cuts a sorry figure when he "drops into poetry." It is rather too much to be asked to believe that BACON would allow his name to go down to posterity as the author of wretched doggerel, and not assert his claim to the "Sonnets," if they were his and not SHAKSPEARE'S; for though opprobrium might attach to the name of a play-writer, there was no degradation in writing sonnets.

But, after all is said, it is impossible to get over the fact that SHAKSPEARE'S contemporaries knew and acknowledged him to be the author of the plays that bear his name. It is indeed difficult to explain the vast and comprehensive knowledge evinced by the dramatist; but, as the learned Shakspearean scholar, Mr. FURNESS, has well said, "Who shall define the limits of the powers of assimilation possessed by so great a genius? A stray hint, a passing allusion, dropped in conversation by the learned men of the time at meetings on social evenings at the 'Mermaid,' may have been sufficient to bear such fruit as we see displayed in his works." It is unfortunate for the "Baconians" that after SHAKSPEARE died the muse of BACON produced no more dramas. Was SHAKSPEARE the only man in England whom he could trust in carrying out the deception?

A lively interchange of views in the columns of a daily contemporary has revived interest in this discussion, the humorous side of which is presented in our illustration on page 824. Our large engraving represents the youthful SHAKSPEARE before the justices on the charge of poaching. He has apparently been caught in the act, and the evidence of his misdemeanor lies before him in the shape of the dead deer.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Aurora Floyd," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"AH, LOVE, THERE IS NO BETTER LIFE THAN THIS."

Justina had made a success at the Royal Albert Theatre. The newspapers were tolerably unanimous in their verdict. The more æsthetic and critical journals even gave her their approval, which was a kind of *cachet*. The public, always straightforward and single-minded in their expression of satisfaction, had no doubt about her. She was accepted at once as one of the most popular and promising young actresses of the day—natural yet artistic, free from all trick, unaffected, modest, yet with the impulsive boldness of a true artist, who forgets alike herself and her audience in the unalloyed delight of her art.

A success so unqualified gave the girl extreme pleasure, and elevated Mathew Elgood to a region of bliss which he had never before attained. For the first time in his life he found himself supplied with ample means for the gratification of desires which, at their widest, came within a narrow limit. The manager of the Royal Albert Theatre had made haste to be liberal, lest other managers, ever on the watch for rising talent, should attempt to lure Justina to their boards by offers of larger reward. He sprang his terms at once from the weekly three guineas, which Mathew had gladly accepted at the outset, to double that amount, and promised further increase if Miss Elgood's second part were as successful as the first.

"With a very young actress one can never be sure of one's ground," he said, diplomatically. "The part in *No Cards* just fits your daughter. I've no idea what she may be in the general run of business. I've seen so many promising first appearances lead to nothing."

"My daughter has had experience and tuition from an experienced actor, Sir," replied Mathew with dignity. "She has a perfect knowledge of her art, and the more you call upon her the better stuff you will get from her. Such a part as that in *No Cards* is a mere bagatelle for her. Fits her, indeed! It fits her too well, Sir. Her genius has no room to expand in it."

Six guineas—by no means a large income in the eyes of a paterfamilias with a wife, and a servant or two, and a nestful of small children to provide for, to say nothing of the rent of the nest to pay—seemed wealth to Mr. Elgood, whose ideas of luxury were bounded by a Bloomsbury lodging, a hot dinner every day, and his glass of gin-and-water mixed with a liberal hand. He expanded himself in this new sunshine, passed his leisure in spelling through the daily papers, escorting his daughter to and from the theatre, and hanging about the greenroom, where he told anecdotes of Macready, bragged of Justina's talents when she was out of the room, and made himself generally agreeable.

That Bloomsbury lodging of Mr. Elgood's, though located in the shabbier quarter of that extensive parish, seemed curiously near that highly respectable street where Humphrey Clissold had his handsome first-floor chambers, so little account did Mr. Clissold make of the distance between the two domiciles. He was always dropping in at Mr. Elgood's, bringing Justina fresh flowers from the glades of Covent Garden, or a new book or some new music. She had improved her knowledge of that delightful art during the last two years, and now played and sang sweetly, with taste and expression that charmed the poet.

Before Justina had been many weeks at the Albert Theatre it became an established fact that Mr. Clissold was to drink tea with Miss Elgood every afternoon. The gentle temptations of the kettle-drum, which he had resisted so bravely in Eton Square, beguiled him here in Bloomsbury, though the simple feast was held on a second floor, with a French mechanic working sedulously at his trade below. Many an hour did Humphrey Clissold waste in careless, happy talk in that second-floor sitting-room, with its odor of stale tobacco, its shabby, old-fashioned furniture, its all-pervading air of poverty and commonness. The room was glorified for him somehow, as he sat by the sunny window sipping an infusion of congou and pekoe out of a blue delf tea-cup.

One day it struck him suddenly that Justina ought to have prettier tea-cups, and a few days afterward there arrived a set of curious old dragon-china cups and saucers. He had not gone to a china shop, like a rich man, and ordered the newest and choicest ware that Minton's factory had produced. But he had walked half over London, and peered into all manner of obscure dens in the broker's shop line, till he found something to please him. Old red and blue sprawling monsters of the crocodile species on thinnest opalescent porcelain, cups and saucers that had been hoarded and cherished by ancient housekeepers, only surrendered when all that life can cling to slipped from death's dull hand. The old fragile pottery pleased him beyond measure, and he carried the cups and saucers off to a cab, packed in a basket of paper shavings, and took them himself to Justina.

"I don't suppose they're worth very much nowadays, when Oriental china is at a discount," he said; "and they cost me the merest trifle. But I thought you'd like them."

Justina was enraptured. Those old cups and saucers were the first present that she had ever received—the first actual gift bestowed out of regard for her pleasure which she could count in all her life, except the same donor's offerings of books and music.

"How good of you!" she said, more than once, and with a look worth three times as many words. Humphrey laughed at her delight.

"It was worth my perambulation of London to see you so pleased," he said.

"What! did you take so much trouble to get them?"

"I walked a good long way. The only merit my offering has is that I took some pains to find it. I am not a rich man, you know, Justina."

He called her by her Christian name always, with a certain brotherly freedom that was not unpleasant to either.

"I am so glad of that!" she exclaimed, naïvely.

"Glad I'm not rich? Why, that's scarce friendly, Justina."

"Isn't it? But if you were rich you wouldn't come to see us so often, perhaps. Rich people have such hosts of friends."

"Yes, Crœsus has generally a widish circle—not the best people, possibly, but plenty of them. But I don't think all the wealth of the Indies—the peacock throne of the great Mogul, and so on—would make any difference in my desire to come here. No, Justina, were the chief of the Rothschilds to transfer his balance to my account to-morrow, I should drop in all the same for my afternoon refresher as regularly as five o'clock struck."

They had talked of literature and poetry, and fully discussed that new poet whose book Justina had wept over; but by no word had Humphrey hinted at his identity with the writer. He liked to hear her speculate upon that unknown poet—wondering what he was like—setting up her ideal image of him. One day he made her describe what manner of man she imagined the author of a *Life Picture*; but she found it difficult to reduce her fancies to words.

"I can not compliment you on the clearness of your delineation," he said. "I haven't yet arrived at the faintest notion of your ideal poet. If you could compare him to any one we know it might help me out. Is he like Mr. Flittergilt, the dramatist?"

"Mr. Flittergilt!" she cried, contemptuously—"Mr. Flittergilt, who is always making bad puns, and talking of his own successes, and telling us that clever remark he made yesterday!"

"Not like Flittergilt? Has he any resemblance to me, for instance?"

Justina laughed and shook her head—a very positive shake.

"No; you are too light-hearted for a poet. You take life too easily. You seem too happy."

"In your presence, Justina. You never see me in my normal condition," remonstrated Humphrey, laughing.

"No, I can not fancy the author of that poem at all like you. He is a man who has suffered."

Humphrey sighed.

"And you think I have never suffered?"

"He must be a man who has loved a false and foolish woman, and who has been stung to the quick by remorse for his own weakness."

"Ah, we are all of us weak once in our lives, and apt to be deceived, Justina. Happy the man who knows no second weakness, and is not twice deceived!"

He said this gravely enough for poet and thinker. Justina looked at him with a puzzled expression.

"Now you seem quite a different person," she said. "I could almost fancy you capable of being a poet. I know there are glimpses of poetry in your talk sometimes."

"When I talk to you, Justina. Some people have an influence that is almost inspiration. All manner of bright thoughts come to me when you and I are together."

"That can not be true," she said. "It is you who bring the bright thoughts to me. Consider how ignorant I am, and how much you know—all the great world of poetry, of which so many doors are barred against me. You read Goethe and Schiller. You go into that solemn temple where the Greek poets live in their strange old world. When you took me to the Museum the other day you pointed out all the statues, and talked of them as familiarly as if they had been the statues of your own friends; while I, who have hardly a school-girl's knowledge of French, can not even read that Alfred de Musset of whom you talk so much."

"You know the language in which Shakspeare wrote. You have all that is noblest and grandest in human literature in your hand when you take up that calf-bound, closely printed, double-columned volume yonder, from the old Chiswick press. I think an English writer who never read any thing beyond his Bible and Shakspeare would have a nobler style than the man of widest reading who had not those two books in his heart of hearts. Other poets are poets. That one man was the God of poetry. But we will read some of De Musset's poems together, Justina, and I will teach you something more than a school-girl's French."

After this it became an established thing for Humphrey and Justina to read together for an hour or so, just as it was an established thing for Humphrey to drop in at tea-time. He made his selections from De Musset discreetly, and then passed on to Victor Hugo; and thus that more valuable part of education which begins when a school-girl has been "finished" was not wanting to Justina. Never was a pupil brighter or more intelligent, never master more interested in his work.

Mathew Elgood looked on, not unapprovingly. In the first place, he was a man who took life lightly, and always held to the Gospel text about the day and the evil thereof. He had ascertained from good-natured Mr. Flittergilt that Humphrey Clissold had an income of some hundreds per annum, and was moreover the scion of a good old family. About the good old family Mathew cared very little; but the income was an important consideration; and, assured of that main fact, he saw no harm in the growing intimacy between Justina and Humphrey.

"It's on the cards for her to do better, of course," reflected Mr. Elgood. "Actresses have married into the peerage before to-day, and no end of them have married bankers and heavy mercantile swells. But, after all, Justina isn't the kind of beauty to take the world by storm; and this success of hers may be only a flash in the pan. I haven't much confidence in the duration of this blessed new school of acting, these drawing-room comedies with their how-d'ye-do and won't-you-take-a-chair dialogue. The good old heavy five-act drama will have its turn by-and-by, when the public is tired of this milk and water. And Justina has hardly physique enough for the five-act drama. It might be a good thing to get her comfortably married, if I was quite clear about my own position."

That was an all-important question. Justina single and on the stage meant at a minimum six guineas a week at Mr. Elgood's disposal. The girl handed her salary over to the paternal exchequer without question, and was grateful for an occasional pound or two toward the replenishment of her scanty wardrobe.

Mr. Elgood lost no time in trying to arrive at Humphrey's ideas upon this subject.

"It's a hard thing for a man when he outlives his generation," he remarked, plaintively, one Sunday evening when Humphrey had dropped in and found the comedian alone, Justina not having yet returned from evening service at St. Pancras. "Here am I, in the prime of life, with all my faculties in their full vigor, laid up in port, as useless a creature as if I were a sheer hulk, like poor Tom Bowling, actually dependent upon the industry of a girl! There's something degrading in the idea. If it were not for Justina, I'd accept an engagement for the heavies at the lowest slum in London, roar my vitals out in three pieces a night, rather than eat the bread of dependence. But Justina won't have it. 'I want you to bring me home from the theatre of a night, father,' she says. And that's an argument I can't resist. The streets of London are no place for unprotected innocence after dark, and cabs are an expensive luxury. Yet it's a bitter thing to consider that if Justina were to marry, I should have to go to the work-house."

"Hardly, if she married an honest man, Mr. Elgood," replied Humphrey. "No honest man would take your daughter away from you without making some provision for your future."

"Well, I have looked at it in that light," said Mathew, reflectively, as if the question had thus dimly presented itself before him. "I think an honest man wouldn't feel it quite the right thing to take away my bread-winner, and leave me to spend my declining days in want and misery. Yet, as Shakspeare has it, 'Age is unnecessary.' 'Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.' '*To have done* is to hang

"'Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,
In monumental mockery.'"

"Be assured, Mr. Elgood, that if your daughter marries a man who really loves her, your age will not be uncared for."

"I do not wish to be a burden upon my child," pursued the actor, tearfully.

His second tumbler of gin-and-water was nearly emptied by this time.

"A hundred and four pounds per annum—two pounds a week—secured to me would give me all I ask of luxury; my lowly lodging, say in May's Court, St. Martin's Lane, or somewhere between Blackfriars Bridge and the Temple, my rasher or my bloater for breakfast, my beefsteak for dinner, and my modest glass of gin-and-water hot, to soothe the tired nerves of age. These, and an occasional ounce of tobacco, are all the old man craves."

"Your desires are very modest, Mr. Elgood."

"They are, my dear boy. I would bear the pang of severance from my sweet girl if I saw her ascend to a loftier sphere, and keep my lowly place without repining. But I should like the two pounds a week made as certain as the law of the land would make it."

This was a pretty clear declaration of his views, and having thus expressed himself, Mr. Elgood allowed life to slip on pleasantly, enjoying his comfortable little two-o'clock dinners and his afternoon glass of gin-and-water, and dozing in his easy-chair, while Humphrey and Justina read or talked, only waking at five o'clock, when the dragon tea-cups made a cheerful clatter, and Justina was prettily busy with the task of tea-making.

Even the old common lodging-house sitting-room began by-and-by to assume a bright home-like air. A vase of choice flowers, a row of books neatly arranged on the old-fashioned sideboard, a Bohemian glass inkstand, clean muslin covers tacked over the faded chintz chair backs—small embellishments by which a woman makes the best of the humblest materials. The dragon-china tea-service was set out on the chiffonier top when not in use, and made the chief ornament of the room. Composition statuettes of Shakspeare and Dante, which Humphrey had bought from an itinerant image-seller, adorned the chimney-piece, whence the landlady's shepherd and shepherdess were banished.

In a scene so humble, in a circle so narrow, Humphrey Clissold spent some of the happiest hours of his life. He remembered Cavendish Square sometimes with a pang, the shadowy drawing-room at twilight, the flower-screened balcony, so pleasant a spot to linger in when the lamps were lighted in the square below, and the long vista of Wigmore Street converged to a glittering point, and the moon rose above the gloomy roof of Cavendish House, hours of happiness as unalloyed, dreams that were over, days that were gone. And he asked himself whether this second birth of joy was a delusion and a snare like the first.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LOVE IS A THING TO WHICH WE SOON CONSENT.

Humphrey Clissold had not forgotten that entry in the register at Seacomb Church, and one afternoon, when Mathew, Justina, and he were cozily seated at the clumsy old lodging-house table drinking tea, he took occasion to refer to his rambles in Cornwall, and his exploration of the little out-of-the-way market town.

"I should fancy you children of Thespis must have found life rather difficult at such a place as Seacomb," he said. "Dramatic art must be rather out of the line of those Non-conformist miners. I saw three Dissenting chapels in the small town, one of them being the very building which was once the theatre."

"Yes," said Mr. Elgood, with a thoughtful look, "we had a bad time of it at Seacomb. My poor wife was ill, and if it hadn't been for the kindness of the people we lodged with, well—we might have made a closer acquaintance with starvation than any man cares to make. There's no such touch-stone for the human heart as distress, and no man knows the goodness of his fellow-men till he has sounded the lowest deep of misery."

"You lost a child at Seacomb, did you not, Mr. Elgood?" asked Humphrey.

The comedian looked up with a startled expression.

"How did you know that?" he asked.

"I was turning over the parish register, looking for another entry, when I stumbled across that."

"Why, father," exclaimed Justina, "you never told me that you lost a child at Seacomb. I did not even know I ever had a brother or sister. I thought I was your only child."

"The only one to live beyond infancy, my dear. Why should I trouble you with the remembrance of past sorrows? We have had cares enough without raking up dead-and-gone griefs."

"Was your wife a Cornishwoman, Mr. Elgood?" asked Humphrey.

"No; she was born within the sound of Bow-bells, poor soul. Her father was a book-binder in Clerkenwell. She had a pretty voice, and a wonderful ear for music; and some one told her she would do very well on the stage. Her home was dull and poor, and she felt she ought to earn her living somehow. So she began to act at a little amateur theatre near Cold Bath Fields, and, having a bright, pretty way with her, she got a good deal of notice, and was offered an engagement to play small singing parts at Sadler's Wells. I was a member of the stock company there at the time, and her pretty little face and her pretty little ways turned my stupid head somehow, and I told myself that two salaries thrown into one would go further than they would divided, never considering that managers would want to strike a bargain with us—lump us together on the cheap—when we were married, or that when two people are earning no salary it's harder for two to live than one. Well, we married, and lived a hard life afterward; but I was true to my poor girl, and fond of her to the last; and when hunger was staring us in the face we were not all unhappy."

"Justina is like her mother, I suppose," said Humphrey, "as she doesn't at all resemble you."

"No," replied Mathew; "my wife was a pretty woman, but not in Justina's style."

"What made you hit upon such an out-of-the-way name as Justina? Mind, I like the name very much, but it is a very uncommon one."

Mr. Elgood looked puzzled.

"I dare say it was a fancy of my wife's," he said. "But I really don't recollect any thing about it."

"I'll tell you why I ask the question," pursued Humphrey. "While I was in Cornwall, staying at a farm called Borcel End, I came across the name."

The comedian almost dropped his tea-cup.

"Borcel End!" he exclaimed; "you were at Borcel End?"

"Yes. You know the place, it seems. But that's hardly strange, since you lived so long at Seacomb. Did you know the Trevanards?"

"No; I only knew the farm from having it pointed out to me once when a friend gave me a drive across the moor in his dog-cart. A queer out-of-the-way place. What could have taken you there?"

"It was something in the way of an adventure," replied Humphrey; and then proceeded to relate his experience on that midsummer afternoon among the Cornish hills.

He touched lightly upon his visit to Penwyn Manor-house, knowing that this might be a painful subject for Justina. But she showed a warm interest in his story.

"You saw *his* house," she said, "the old Manor-house he told me about that night at Eborsham? Oh, how like the memory of a dream it seems when I think of it! I should like so much to see that place!"

"You shall see it some day, Justina, if—if you will let me show it you," said Humphrey, stumbling a little over the last part of the sentence. "It is strange that you should be twice associated with that remote corner of the land, once in your birth, a second time in poor James Penwyn's devotion to you."

"It is very strange, Sir," said the comedian, solemnly, and then with his grand Shakspearean manner continued,

"'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

"It was at Borcel End I heard the name of

Justina," said Humphrey, going back to the subject most interesting to him. "There is an old picture there, a portrait of the present proprietor's grandmother, whose name was Justina."

"Is the old grandmother living still?" asked Mathew, suddenly.

"What, blind old Mrs. Trevanard? Yes, she is still living. But you said you did not know the Trevanards."

"Only by repute. I heard people talk about them. Rather a curious family, I fancy."

"In some respects," answered Humphrey, puzzled by the comedian's manner. It seemed as if he were affecting to know less about the family at Borcel End than he really knew. Yet why should he conceal so simple a circumstance as his acquaintance with the Trevanards?

When Humphrey and Justina were alone together for a short time next day, the girl questioned her companion about his visit to Penwyn Manor.

"I want you to describe the old place," she said. "I can not think of it without pain. Yet I like to hear of it. Please tell me all about it."

Humphrey obeyed, and gave a detailed description of the grave old mansion as he had seen it that summer afternoon.

"How happy he would have been there!" said Justina. "How bright and fair that young life would have been! I am not thinking of my own loss," she said, as if in answer to an unspoken question of Humphrey's. "I never forgot what you said about unequal marriages that evening at Eborsham, when you came in and found me in my grief, and spoke some hard truths to me. I felt afterward that you were wiser than I, that all you said was just and true. I should have been a basely selfish woman if I had taken advantage of his foolish impulsive offer, if I had let the caprice of a moment give color to a life. But believe me, when I let myself love him I had no thought of his worldly wealth. It was his bright kind nature that drew me to him. No one had ever spoken to me as he spoke. No one had ever praised me before. It was childish love I gave him, perhaps, but it was true love all the same."

"I believe that, Justina. I believed it then when I saw you, little more than a child, so faithfully sorry for my poor friend's fate. If I had known you better in those days I should not have called his love foolish. I should never have opposed his boyish fancy. I look back now at my self-assertive wisdom, and it seems to me a greater folly than James Penwyn's unreasoning love."

"You must not say that," remonstrated Justina, gently; "all that you said was spoken well and wisely; and if Providence had spared him, and if he had married me, he would have been ashamed of his actress-wife."

"I doubt it, Justina. A man must be hard to please who can be ashamed of you."

"I suppose it is very wicked of me," said Justina, after a brief silence, "but I can not help grudging those people their happiness in *his* house. It makes me angry when I think of that cousin—Mr. Churchill Penwyn—who gained so much by James's death. I remember his cold, calm face as I saw it at the inquest. There was no sorrow in it."

"He could hardly be supposed to be sorry. He and James had seen very little of each other; and James's death lifted him at a bound from poverty to wealth."

"Yes, I can never think of him without remembering that. He gains so much. The murderer with his brutal greed of gain little thought that he was helping another man to fortune—a man who in the evil wish may have shared his guilt."

"You have no right to say that, Justina."

"It is unjust, perhaps, but I can not be temperate when I think of James Penwyn's murder. Nobody thought of interrogating the man who profited so much by his death. You were suspected because you were not at your inn that night; but no one asked where Mr. Churchill Penwyn spent the night of the murder."

"There was no ground for suspecting him."

"There was the one fact that he was the only gainer by the crime. He should have been made to prove himself innocent. And now he is happy, proud of his usurped position."

"So far as one man can judge another man's life, Churchill Penwyn seems to me completely happy. His wife is a woman in a thousand, and devoted to him. But I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to her some day, perhaps, Justina."

"Do not think of such a thing. I could never regard Churchill Penwyn as a friend. I hope never to see him again."

Humphrey Clissold saw that this feeling about James Penwyn's successor was deeply rooted, and he argued the question no further. He was too happy in Justina's society to dwell long upon discordant notes. They had so much to talk about, small as was the actual world in which they had mutual interest! Humphrey had undertaken to show all the glories of London to the girl whose life hitherto had been spent in small provincial towns. Justina had ample leisure for sight-seeing, for Mr. Flittergilt's original comedy proved an honest success, and there was no new piece yet in rehearsal at the Royal Albert Theatre. Nor had Mr. Elgood, comedian, any prudish notions about the proprieties, which might have hindered his daughter's enjoyment of picture-galleries and museums, abbeys and parks. He did not care for sight-seeing himself; for his love of art, he confessed honestly, was not strong enough to counterbalance certain gouty symptoms in his feet, which made prolonged standing a fatigue to him.

"Let me enjoy my pipe and my newspaper, and let Justina see the pictures and crockery," he said, with reference to the South Kensington Museum. So the two young people went about together as freely as if they had been brother and sister, and spent many a happy hour among the national art treasures, or in Hyde Park, in whose deserted alleys autumn's first leaves were falling.

Mr. Clissold went less and less to his clubs, and became, as it were, a dead letter in the minds of his friends.

One man suggested that Clissold must be writing a novel. Another opined that Clissold had fallen in love.

In the mean while Clissold was perfectly happy after his own fashion. Never had his mind been more serene; never had his verse flowed clearer in those quiet night hours which he gave to the Muses; never had the notes of his lyre rung out with a fuller melody. He was writing a poem to succeed the *Life Picture*, a romance in verse, calculated to be as popular with Mudie's subscribers as his first venture had been. He soared to no empyrean heights of metaphysical speculation, but in strong melodious verse, with honest force and passion, told his story of human joys and human sorrows, human loves and human losses.

It pleased him to hear Justina praise the *Life Picture*, pleased him to think that he would be exalted in her eyes were she to know him as its author. But it pleased him still better to keep his secret, to hear her frank expression of opinion, and leave her free to form her ideal fancy of the poet.

"The prize I seek to win must be won by myself alone," he thought. "My literary work is something outside myself. I will not be valued for that."

One Sunday, that being Justina's only disengaged evening, Mr. Clissold persuaded Mr. Elgood to bring his daughter to dine with him in his bachelor quarters.

"I want to show you my books," he said to Justina. "Collecting them has been my favorite amusement for the last five years, and I think it may interest you to see them."

Justina was delighted at the idea. Mr. Elgood foresaw something special in the way of dinner, perhaps a bottle or two of Champagne; so the invitation was accepted with pleasure.

The September evenings were shortening by this time. They dined by lamp-light, and the bachelor's room, with its dark crimson curtains and paper, its heterogeneous collection of pictures, prints, bronzes, and china, looked its best in the mellow light of a pair of large Carcel lamps. The inner room was lined from floor to ceiling with books, handsomely bound most of them; for Mr. Clissold devoted all his superfluous cash to books and book-binding. To this study and sanctum the party adjourned for coffee and dessert, and while Mr. Elgood did ample justice to a bottle of old port, Humphrey showed Justina his favorite authors, and expatiated on the beauty of wide margins. Innocent, happy hours! yes, every whit as happy as those days of delusion in Cavendish Square. And all this time there were all manner of distinguished people anxious to be introduced to Miss Elgood, Richmond and Greenwich dinners without number which she might have eaten had she been so minded, diamonds, broughams, seal-skin jackets, pug-dogs, all the glories of existence, ready to be laid at her feet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A HIGHLY successful session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, being the twenty-third annual meeting, was held at Hartford, Connecticut, commencing August 12, and continuing until the following Wednesday. The attendance was very full, no less than 220 names having been registered. About 120 new members were elected. The titles of 165 papers were entered, although a small proportion only were presented before the association.

The officers elected for the ensuing meeting, which is to take place at Detroit, Michigan, on the second Wednesday in August, 1875, are, President, JULIUS E. HILGARD; Vice-Presidents, H. A. NEWTON, of New Haven, of Section A; J. W. DAWSON, of Montreal, of Section B; General Secretary, SAMUEL H. SCUDDER, of Boston; Permanent Secretary, F. W. PUTNAM, of Salem; Treasurer, W. S. VAUX, of Philadelphia; Secretary of Section A, S. P. LANGLEY, of Alleghany, Pennsylvania; Secretary of Section B, N. S. SHALER, of Newport, Kentucky; chairman of the chemical sub-section of Section A, S. W. JOHNSON, of New Haven.

As might have been expected, very few of the papers presented contained any thing new or important, most of the specialists present having previously announced their discoveries in the scientific journals, without waiting for the slow course of time to bring round the annual meeting of the association.

As usual, the daily papers had their representatives, and copious reports were made and published. By far the most complete of these, however, was that of the New York *Tribune*, which detailed one of its own force to do full justice to the occasion. A very full report, almost anticipating the official volume of proceedings, has already made its appearance as a *Tribune* extra.

Nature gives a very complete description of the magnificent new physical laboratory of the University of Oxford, England, which was, on the 16th of June, formally presented to the university by the Chancellor. The building has been erected under the superintendence of Professor J. CLERK MAXWELL, and contains many evidences of his genius both in the arrangement of the building and in the apparatus installed therein. The external walls are two feet thick, the foundations being fifteen feet below the surface. The building consists principally of three floors, and is surmounted by a tower fifty-nine feet in height, and contains twenty-six large rooms and numerous apartments, each specially adapted and devoted to experiments in certain departments of physical science. In the magnetic room is placed the great electro-dynamometer of the British Association. The room used for the experiments in heat at present contains an apparatus devised by Professor MAXWELL for determining the viscosity of air. The galvanic battery is connected by properly insulated wires with the lecture-room and other portions of the building. The battery which will be employed is, of course, confined in a room fitted expressly thereto, and is of the style known as Sir WILLIAM THOMSON's tray battery. The lecture-room will afford accommodation for about one hundred and eighty students, the seats for the class rising at an angle of about thirty degrees, and three doors providing sufficient means of egress for the audience. In the room allotted to experiments in electricity of high tension, an apparatus contrived by Mr. LATIMER CLARK has been introduced, for the purpose of keeping the air of the room dry. This consists of a heated copper roller, over which passes an endless band of flannel. The roller is heated by means of gas-lights within it, which, being constantly burning, every part of the flannel becomes hot. The vapor which arises from the heated flannel is carried off by the current of air which supplies the burners inside the roller. The flannel, when thus dried and cooled, passes into the open air of the room, where it again absorbs moisture, and thus the air of the room becomes so dry that the electrical instruments are preserved in a highly insulating condition. The electricity passes from the electrical machine to the table in the lecture-room by insulated wires connected with the prime conductor of the machine. The highest room in the building occupies the upper portion of the tower, its floor being more than fifty feet above the ground. In this room will be placed a BUNSEN's water-pump, the water from which will thus have a vertical fall of considerably more than fifty feet. This pump will be used to exhaust a large receiver, from which pipes will communicate with the different rooms; so that, if it be desired to exhaust the air from any vessel, it will only be necessary to connect it with one of these pipes, and *turn on a vacuum*. For a more perfect exhaustion the SPENGEL or other air-pump can be employed. On the top of the tower will be fixed a wooden mast, carrying a pointed metal rod, for the purpose of collecting atmospheric electricity. Among the apparatus kept in the laboratory may be mentioned the original British Association units of electrical resistance.

A small mound in Ohio, about six feet high and twenty-five in diameter, was lately examined, and nothing detected in that portion above the level of the soil; nor, on its entire removal, was any thing discovered in the way of bones or implements. At the level of the ground, however, there were ashes and charcoal, and two feet below this a human skeleton was found, in a fair state of preservation, although the bones crumbled soon after being exposed to the air. About the neck were the remains of a string of beads made of a small shell (*Marginella apicina*, Menke); and near the right hand was found one of the gray slate tablets with two perforations in it so well known in archæology. This specimen was plain on one side and semi-cylindrical on the other. Arrow-heads and stone axes, with or without grooves, were also found.

The skeleton was interposed by an ash-colored layer, somewhat like that of decomposing bark. The specimens exhumed are now in the National Museum at Washington.

The horizontal pendulum, whose use has lately been so ably expounded by ZÖLLNER, and of which it was recently reported that GREUITHUYSEN was the original inventor, has now found a still earlier one in the person of LORENZ HENGLER, who was born in 1806, studied mathematics and astronomy in Munich in 1828, and busied himself with many inventions relating to gas balloons, music, and optics. He died in 1858.

The observations of the total eclipse of the 16th of April, 1874, have been successfully carried out by Mr. STONE, director of the observatory at the Cape of Good Hope. He noticed that the coronal atmosphere was apparently, as might have been expected at this period of minimum sun-spots, smaller than in 1871, while the clearness of the air at his station reduced the phenomena peculiar to the earth's atmosphere to a minimum. The spectrum of the reversing layer was again seen, thus confirming YOUNG's observation of 1870. The most important observation, perhaps, made by Mr. STONE is that referring to the visibility of the FRAUNHOFER lines in the spectrum of the coronal atmosphere, showing thereby that the latter reflects the light of the photosphere.

The newly established office for maritime meteorology in Germany has been organized by placing VON FREEDEN at the head of it. VON FREEDEN has for the past seven years been director of the Naval Institution at Hamburg, and his long experience and well-known zeal are the best possible assurances of the success of the new and highly important office in which he has been placed.

The fact that occasionally the dark half of the surface of the planet Venus glimmers with a peculiar gray light is one of the most interesting phenomena that are recorded in connection with the planets of our system. The records of the numerous cases in which this phenomenon has been observed have been collated by Dr. SAFARIK, from which it appears that twenty-one different observers, and twelve of these more than once, have observed the phenomenon in question. More than half of these observations belong to the last twelve years, and he concludes that probably the phenomenon is one of constant occurrence; that, indeed, it is the normal condition of the planet, and can be observed at every inferior conjunction, if only the planet be watched with industry and sufficiently powerful telescopes. The oldest observation of those collected by him is that made by DERHAM, about the year 1712. BODE, MAYER, WILLIAM HERSCHEL, and SCHRÖTER are among those who observed this phenomenon in the last century. The latest observations are those by WINNECKE and KLEIN, in 1871. The latter observer states that among the various and sometimes fanciful theories that have been devised to explain this phenomenon SAFARIK omits to enumerate that which seems to him the most likely to be the true one, namely, the possibility that the illumination of the dark half of Venus is effected by means of the light reflected from a satellite to that planet. This theory he has, indeed, especially developed in his work on descriptive astronomy, in which he also explains why the secondary illumination of Venus is so seldom visible in the great telescopes, and why the question whether Venus possesses a moon must still remain an open one.

An exploration of Tierra del Fuego has recently been prosecuted by Mr. PERTUISET in behalf of the Chilian government. He and his party started from the vicinity of Arenas, in the Straits of Magellan, and proceeded to the western end of the channel of Grand Bay. They then traversed the island in a northwesterly direction, and went southward to Useless Bay, embarking at the latter place on the 18th of January on the Chilian frigate *Abato* for Valparaiso. According to PERTUISET, the island, geologically speaking, is of but little interest. He found it, however, well adapted to the cultivation of cattle, on account of the rich grassy vegetation, there being room for the rearing of hundreds of thousands of these animals.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE GREAT GAME OF POLITICAL BASE-BALL.
"TALLY ONE FOR MAINE."

AN illiterate person who always volunteered to "go round with the hat," but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overhearing once a hint to that effect, replied, "Other gentlemen puts down what they thinks proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is *nothing to nobody*."

One day, just as an English officer had arrived at Vienna, the empress, knowing that he had seen a certain princess much celebrated for her beauty, asked him if it was really true that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. "I thought so *yesterday*," he replied.

THE OLDEST WESTERN SETTLER—The evening sun.

A CANNIBAL'S EPITAPH—"Write me as one who loves his fellow-man."

Why is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian?—Because he can't "go" a step-father.

Why is the strap of an omnibus like a man's conscience?—Because it is an inward check on the outward man.

A thief running away is a scamp, but the policeman's chase after him is a scamper.

We have all heard of asking for money and getting advice; but a gentleman may be considered as still worse treated when he asks for a young lady's hand and gets her father's foot.

A witch, being at the stake to be burned, saw her son there, and desired him to give her some drink. "No, mother," said he, "it would do you wrong, for the drier you are, the better you will burn."

When George II. was once expressing his admiration of General Wolfe, some one observed that the general was mad. "Oh! he is mad, is he!" said the king, with great quickness: "then I wish he would bite some other of my generals."

AN ESTABLISHED FACT.—Nothing makes a person laugh so much as a set of new teeth.

PECULIAR POSITION OF OUR WORTHY MAYOR.

INDECISION.

SHOOTING ALLIGATORS ON THE UPPER ST. JOHNS, FLORIDA.—[See Page 822.]

THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION—HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.—From a Sketch by William R. M'Comas.—[See Page 822.]

SHOOTING ALLIGATORS.

The Florida swamps abound in animal life, especially in birds and reptiles; and tourists on the rivers that wind sluggishly between low, marshy shores amuse themselves by popping away at the alligators, turkey-buzzards, cranes, water-turkeys, or snake-birds, as they are often called. Our sketch, on page 821, was made from the deck of one of those odd steamers constructed especially for the navigation of the swampy water-courses through dense growths, where the channel is distinguished only by "blazed" trees. Every man on the steamer had a rifle, and every time an alligator showed himself above the surface he was the target for a dozen balls. It is not easy for the inexperienced sportsman to kill one of these mailed monsters, since almost the only vulnerable spot exposed is the place where the huge head is joined to the body. From every other part of the creature's back and sides the rifle-balls rattle off as from an iron target.

THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.

The Cincinnati Industrial Exposition this fall is the fifth of the series begun in 1870. Each year has witnessed a steady growth and improvement, and the present Exposition is one of the largest and finest undertakings of the kind ever witnessed in this country. The buildings cover nearly eight acres of ground, and the several departments are filled with magnificent displays of the various industries and arts of the world. On page 821 we give an illustration showing the interior of the Horticultural Hall, one of the most attractive departments of the Exposition.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The free schools of science and art open at the Cooper Institute on October 1, the session continuing eight months. There are three departments—the Woman's Art School, the School of Science, and the School of Art for Young Men. The regular hours in the Woman's Art School are from nine A.M. until one P.M., but pupils who desire to practice can remain in the school-room until four o'clock. Only those who intend to apply the knowledge of art as a means of livelihood are admitted to the school; and if after two months any show themselves incompetent, they are dropped from the classes, and their places filled from the list of applicants. Students in all cases follow the course of study prescribed by the principal. This course includes drawing from life, from plaster casts, and from various objects of different texture. There is a class in photography, in which practical instruction is given in preparing chemicals, in the taking of negatives, and in all the nice details of the art. During the last session of the school thirteen scholars in the photographic class earned $1442 from outside orders; and the earnings of the pupils in the engraving school amounted to $2089 27. In the evening School of Art young men receive instruction in free-hand, architectural, and mechanical drawing, as well as drawing from life and from the cast, painting, and modeling. In the scientific school there is a competent corps of instructors, and mathematics, mechanics, natural philosophy, chemistry, oratory, etc., are thoroughly taught. Young women are admitted to any of the classes for which they are fitted. There is also a free school of telegraphy for women, in which pupils are trained in this important branch, the Western Union Telegraph Company furnishing the apparatus. These facilities for instruction provided by the Cooper Union are highly appreciated, as is indicated by the number of applicants for admission to the schools. During the last year over four thousand pupils were admitted to these various schools, more than two thousand of whom remained until the close of the session.

About sixteen students of Dartmouth College have served as waiters in the Profile House, White Mountains, during the past summer. They received twenty dollars a month as regular wages, and this sum was often doubled or trebled by donations; so that the season proves quite profitable to the students, and they obtain funds enough for their educational expenses for a considerable time.

Six thousand bunches of grapes have been counted on a single vine this summer at Florence. How delightful to "sit under" that vine, if it were only "your own!"

Cremation of the dead is to be carried into operation in Vienna immediately, by order of the municipality of that city, under the advice of the Board of Health.

There are now 260,550 volumes accessible to resident Bostonians through the Public Library of that city. During the past year 51,024 volumes have been added, and 103 persons are constantly employed in the library service. A year's experience in keeping the reading-room open on Sunday indicates that a considerable proportion of the frequenters on that day consists of persons who do not, or can not, visit the library on ordinary week-days—such as work early and late at their daily vocations.

Previous to 1863 there was yearly a rainy season in San Diego, California, which made the soil nourishing and productive. In 1863 a fire swept over the greater part of the country, destroying the forest and blackening the hills. Since then there has been no rainy season at San Diego.

An old man and his wife went to Detroit by railroad the other day. About thirty hacks stood about the dépôt, and thirty hackmen vociferated "Hack!" at them. The man felt highly complimented, and turning to his wife, said, "I tell you, mother, they think we are something great or they would never have had all these carriages down here to meet us. I wonder how they knew we was coming?"

The locomotive whistle has become a nuisance in sections of the country through which railroad trains pass. Shrill and sharp it has struck upon the ears of the community, the blasts averaging in some instances twenty an hour, day and night. Not only has the whistle been used as a special danger signal, but for various other purposes, some of which are of trivial importance. The way-side sufferers have made many complaints in vain; but at length there is a prospect that on many prominent roads the use of the whistle will be discontinued, except as a special danger signal. An order to this effect has been issued by the superintendents of some of the New England roads. Ordinary signals will be given by the ringing of the bell.

In an article in the London *Times* Mr. Richard A. Proctor speaks with warm approbation of the success of the weather predictions in America, and recommends a similar system for the British Isles, if not for Europe generally. He says: "The success of the system is the more remarkable because America established the meteorological stations later than the European nations. Our meteorological notices are, it must be admitted, much more elaborate than those published in the American papers; but they have the disadvantage of being reports of past weather, not announcements of coming weather."

Don't quote foreign or dead languages unless you can read them yourself. Take warning from the example of a youth in Connecticut who, having been asked to write something in a young lady's album, thought it would be very fine to use some Latin sentiment. Not being familiar with the language, however, he asked a student what he should write, who suggested *non compos mentis*. "What does that mean?" inquired the clerk, with the autograph book in one hand and a ready pen in the other. "Ever faithfully yours," was the wicked response. The young lady may regard this as very appropriate, if the writer referred to himself—but what if she takes the compliment to herself?

Many young persons feel restless and discontented in the sphere in which they are naturally placed. They want to do something greater than the things which lie before them ready to be done. While it frequently happens that a genius for some special occupation outside of one's surroundings is developed, and may well be cultivated, it is more often the case that good prospects are ruined by leaving the business at hand and trying what is unknown. The *Christian Union* is asked by "a farmer's boy, twenty-one years of age," who believes he "was placed in this world for some purpose," what he "can do to accomplish that purpose," and is answered in the following terms:

"Why, dear fellow, you can't do better than to be a good farmer. Set an example of industry, intelligence, kindness, and public spirit in your own neighborhood, and you will be one of the multitude of patient workers who are helping the world out of the mud. Few men can do more than just this, let them make ever so much fuss."

Lake Titicaca, situated on the crest of the Andes, is the most singular lake in the world. It is about the size of Lake Ontario, and is the highest large body of fresh-water in the world, being about 12,500 feet above sea-level. On an island in it are the ruins of the Temple of the Sun, and around it are various monuments attesting the skill of the Incas. This lake never freezes over, and two little steamers do a trifling business upon its waters.

The mania for meerschaum pipes, though perhaps not so prevalent now as formerly, has produced not a few pipomaniacs the world over. A New York gentleman, for instance, has a collection of some 400 meerschaums, all beautifully colored. This is rather an expensive taste, however, for besides the first cost of the pipes, he has to keep two men continually employed, whose sole duty is to smoke and keep the 400 pipes in order. One of the greatest pipe-fanciers in the world, Major-General Raffalovich, of the Russian army, is now in this country. He has a collection of more than 600 pipes. Since he has been in this country he has purchased a number of meerschaums, and there is now in the hands of one of the most prominent manufacturers in New York a magnificent meerschaum pipe made to his order. The bowl forms the bust of a very beautiful woman, and is a correct likeness of the general's wife, taken from life. The stem and mouth-piece are of amber, fifteen inches long. The whole cost $150. This pipe will be taken to Europe as a curiosity, for it seems that General Raffalovich had an idea that such things could not be made in this country. He is now traveling in the West, and will doubtless enrich his collection by adding some of the celebrated calumets made of the famous red pipe-stone by the Indians.

The Springfield Gas Machine is undoubtedly the most perfect before the public, either for dwelling houses or factories. It is economical, extremely simple, and has given satisfaction wherever used. It is particularly adapted for country residences; and we know of parties who are using this machine in preference to the gas furnished by public companies.—[*Com.*]

If one seeks thoughtfully to learn what the most real charm is of those mediæval works of decorative domestic art which have been rising of late years so enormously in value, he will find its origin in the simple fact that when the utensils of daily life first began to be artistically fashioned, they were fashioned by individual artists for individual customers. Men no more thought three centuries ago of buying a dozen vases by Cellini, than they think now of buying a dozen pictures by Meissonnier. There was a meeting of minds between the man who ordered certain work done in silver or gold or jewels, and the man who did the work. The result of this was that every article so manufactured had a stamp upon it of originality and of character which could not possibly be produced upon work done by the gross for unseen and unknown purchasers.

Nothing in Cellini's most curiously interesting autobiography is more interesting than his accounts of his conferences with Pope Clement, and others of his patrons, over the details of cups and vases he was making for them. With the development of opulence on the one hand, and of machinery on the other, this relation between the buyers and the sellers gradually wore away, and with it the standards of excellence in this kind of art declined.

In this country, until very recently, the manufacture of jewelry and silver-ware lay absolutely outside the world of art; and most people bought them with as little reference to any idea to be expressed in them as if they were buying hats or boots. It is the special purpose of the house of Starr & Marcus, at 22 John Street (up stairs), in this city, to "change all this"—or rather, to move with that movement of civilization which has already changed and is daily changing it. Gold and silver and gems, with them, are not ends, but means, of beauty in use.—[*Com.*]

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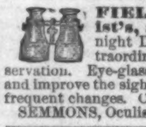

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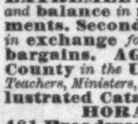
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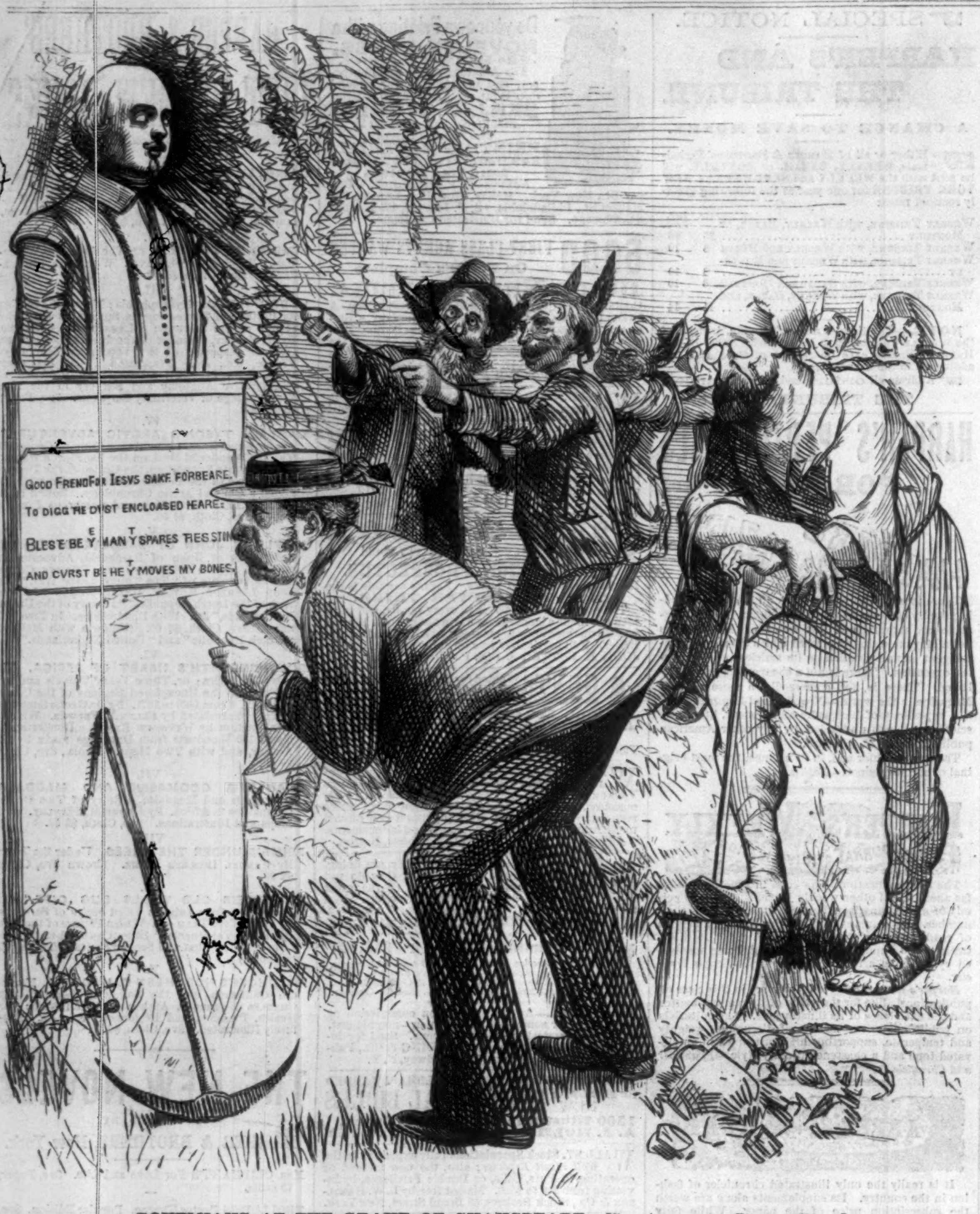

BOHEMIANS AT THE GRAVE OF SHAKSPEARE.—[See Article on Double-Page.]

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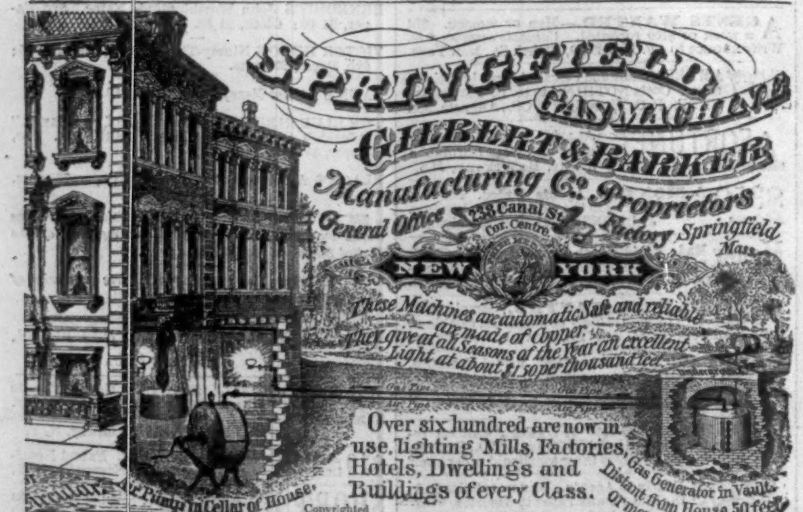

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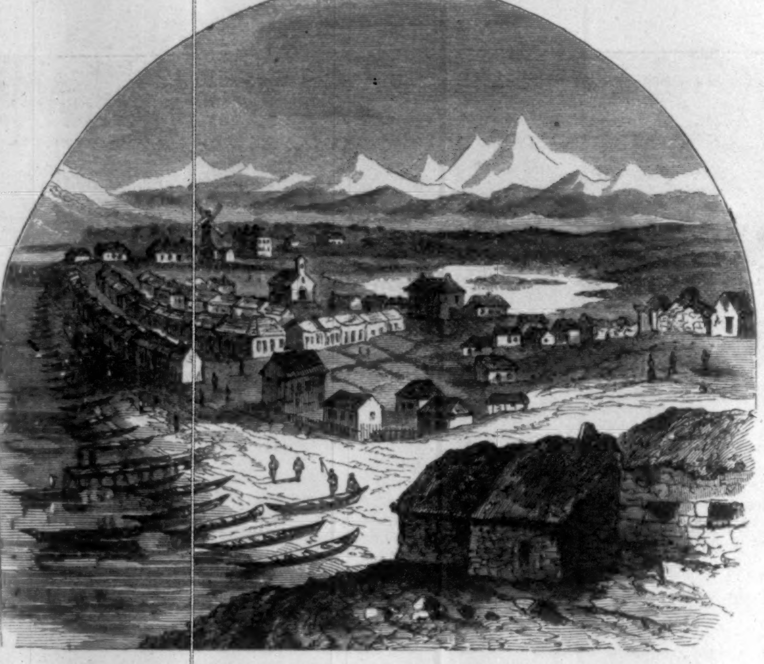


REIKIAVIK, THE CAPITAL OF ICELAND.

THE GREAT GEYSER.

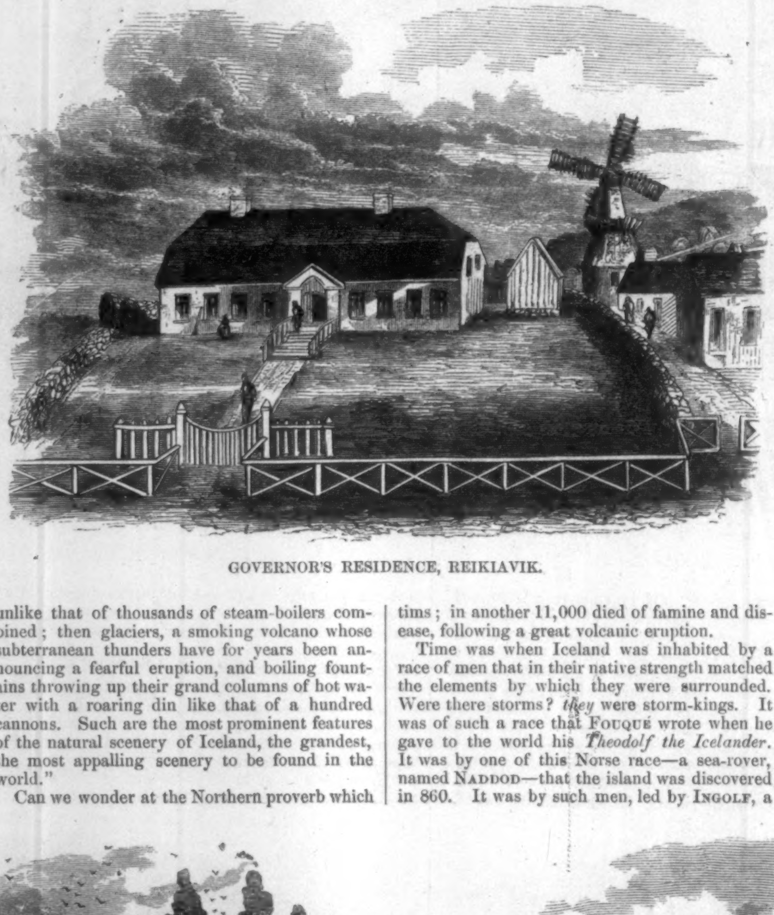
WHILE we are contemplating our Centennial, old Iceland confronts us with her Millennial celebration. And what, in those early days of August, when the men-of-war from five different nations and the humbler American steamer displayed their bunting and fired their salutes in the harbor of her capital—what did Iceland have to celebrate? Certainly not a thousand years of progress on her own part. For the most part there has been retrogression rather than progress. Time was when Iceland had a population of over 100,000. In 1827 the number was reduced to 40,000. At present the island has a population of 70,000—about equal to that of Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, or of Albany, in New York. Outside of the large towns there is not a decent road on the island. Even RUSKIN, the chief of reactionaries against our modern civilization, would find nothing to complain of in Iceland. No railway locomotion there, not even carriages, or the more modest wagonette—no means of locomotion, indeed, except ponies, whose riders' feet are raised scarcely a foot above the desolate soil. It was owing to this difficulty, doubtless, that not more than three thousand Icelanders were able to attend the great national festival at Thingvalla on the 7th of August. There is not a manufactory on the island. Even agriculture has degenerated rather than progressed. The mean annual temperature diminishes from year to year, and varieties of grain formerly raised can no longer be cultivated. The ancient forests have disappeared, leaving only deposits of semi-carbonized wood. About two-fifths of the surface of the island is capable of cultivation, and another fifth is available during a portion of the year for grazing. The interior is a desert of ice and lava fields, almost as desolate as the surface of the moon. The principal harvests of the Icelanders are gathered from the sea; and the perils of a sea-faring life on the most rugged and dangerous of coasts tend to shorten the lives of the male inhabitants. If ice or storms prevent them from carrying out their occupation of sea-fishing, the deprivations which the people suffer engender disease, and sometimes precipitate a famine.

One writer, describing the natural scenery of Iceland, gives us the following picture:

"In the interior, upon an extent of thousands of square miles, the eye beholds nothing but the vestiges of volcanic destruction. Deep abysses formed by extinct craters are surrounded by immense fields of lava, which has filled the beds of lakes, and has transformed fertile valleys into stony deserts. Then follow tall conical hills of ashes, and, scattered between them, gigantic rocks or blocks of ice; again a steaming pool, at the bottom of which masses of sulphur are boiling and bubbling; still further on, a mammoth cave, its stalactites glazed over with ice, and vast fields of brimstone, honey-combed by hot springs, and producing an unearthly noise, not unlike that of thousands of steam-boilers combined; then glaciers, a smoking volcano whose subterranean thunders have for years been announcing a fearful eruption, and boiling fountains throwing up their grand columns of hot water with a roaring din like that of a hundred cannons. Such are the most prominent features of the natural scenery of Iceland, the grandest, the most appalling scenery to be found in the world."

Can we wonder at the Northern proverb which says, "God created the world, but the devil made Iceland?"

An eruption of Hecla in 1783 dried up the bed of the Skapta River, filling it with lava—the fiery stream, continuing for three months, devastated 500 square miles of territory. Sometimes the spring floods ruin the habitable valleys. Famine and pestilence follow. In one year (1607) the small-pox carried away 16,000 victims; in another 11,000 died of famine and disease, following a great volcanic eruption.

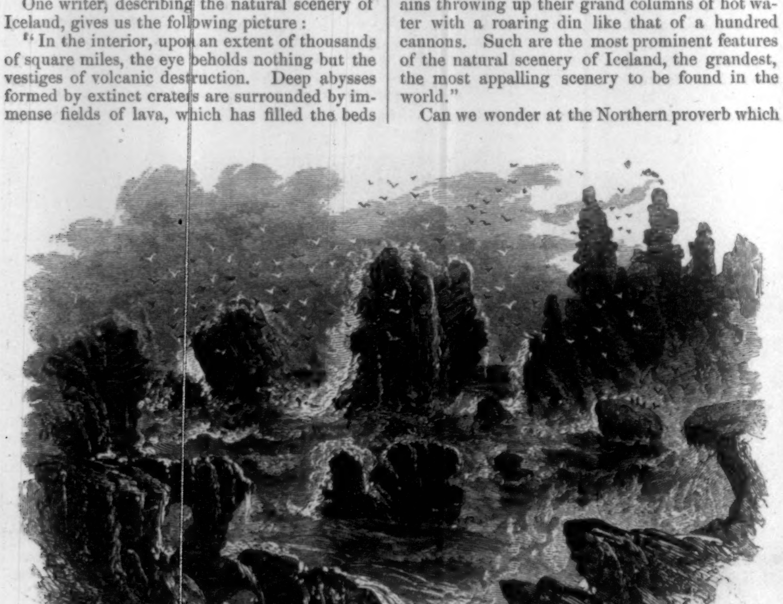


GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, REIKIAVIK.

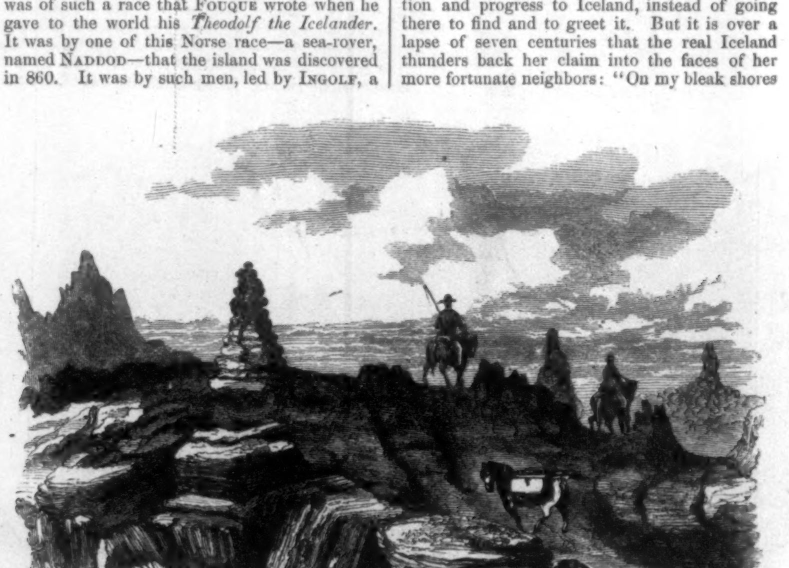
Time was when Iceland was inhabited by a race of men that in their native strength matched the elements by which they were surrounded. Were there storms? *they* were storm-kings. It was of such a race that FOUQUÉ wrote when he gave to the world his *Theodolf the Icelander*. It was by one of this Norse race—a sea-rover, named NADDOD—that the island was discovered in 860. It was by such men, led by INGOLF, a Norwegian Viking, that the island was first colonized in 874—a thousand years ago. These haughty men had fled from Norway on account of the tyranny of HAROLD HARFAGRE. They were strong, stern men; but their strength was exercised not in strifes among themselves, but in conflict with the forces of nature. They were lovers of order not less than of freedom. Every year their legislative assembly, the *Althing*, met on the plain of Thingvalla, and all executive power was vested in a President chosen by the assembly. They had a regular code of jurisprudence, and among them the institution of trial by jury was for the first time fully developed. Señor CASTELAR, in a recent address to his fellow-countrymen at Malaga, deprecating the excesses of Spanish republicans, alludes to these Norse Vikings to whom we owe the regulated freedom of Saxondom. "Free peoples," he says, "are ever distinguished from slavish peoples by the fact that the former always appeal to right, the latter to force. The Arab, locked up in his fatalism, the serf of a caliph or sultan, trusts only for his defense to his sharp cimeter and to his strong arm, while the Saxon, the valorous Saxon—son of the storm, king of the ocean—seeks his rights in the laws and his defense in the jury."

Iceland then *has* something to celebrate, something that may well command the attention of the world—a glorious past. She can make no parade of an immense military or naval establishment: there is not a soldier on the island. If she can respond in kind to the saluting foreign cannon in her harbor, it is from random, surreptitiously obtained artillery. But there is one word which she can shout back in answer to the saluting men-of-war—a word that will be echoed and re-echoed from the sun-crowned heights in the background—and that word is *Freedom!* It now means a freedom partially lost, but not less dearly loved by the Icelander of to-day than by his Viking ancestor of the tenth century; not less ardently cherished by JON SIGURDSSON in 1874 than by ULFJOTT in 930, or JON ARASON in the fourteenth century.

Looking upon the Iceland of to-day, it would seem as if the Dane, the Norwegian, the French, the German, and the American *brought* civilization and progress to Iceland, instead of going there to find and to greet it. But it is over a lapse of seven centuries that the real Iceland thunders back her claim into the faces of her more fortunate neighbors: "On my bleak shores



COAST OF ICELAND.



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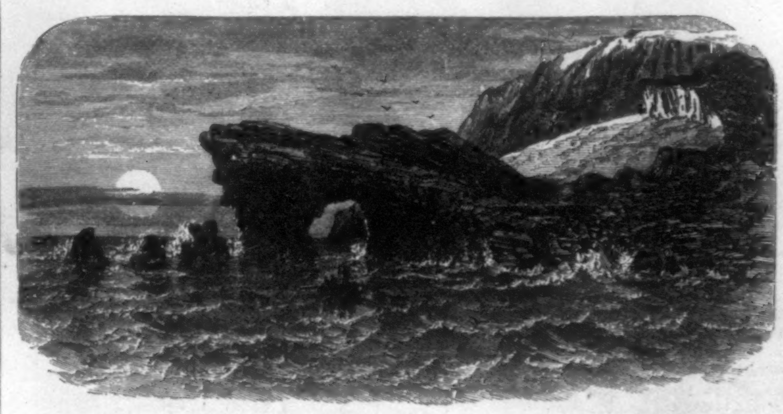


NATURAL BRIDGE.

was nursed the freedom that has been the source of all your enterprise, industry, and well-being!" She can point with pride to her golden age of the republic, three centuries in duration, when her commerce was important, when her adventurous navigators penetrated through the Mediterranean to the Black Sea, and pushed westwardly to Greenland, and even to the American coast, and when her warriors were to be found in the body-guards of the Byzantine Cæsars, and fought in the armies of the Russian Czars. Belonging also to this golden age were her literary triumphs, the glory of Scandinavian literature—the songs of her sagas, her sublime Edda, the pæans, elegies, and epigrams of her scalds, and the productions of her poets of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

Through her petty partisan conflicts, Iceland early in the thirteenth century became an easy prey to the Norwegian kings, and, with Norway, in 1380, came under the Danish rule. Her strength, which was partly dissipated through intestine divisions, became almost wholly crushed by the desolations of nature and the oppression of her conquerors. A foreign Governor took the place of her republican President, and her trade languished under the restrictions of an oppressive monopoly. Her institutions were overthrown: only Christianity was left for her consolation.

During this century Iceland has been relieved of the worst features of her thralldom. Her *Althing* has been restored. Twenty years ago her trade was freed from its restrictions. Since then there has been much progress.

CHURCH AT REIKIAVIK.

There is yet a bright side to life in Iceland. She has between three and four hundred churches, and with all of these are connected libraries and common schools. There is no illiteracy in Iceland. In the long winter evenings the family is assembled, and while the others are engaged in their various pursuits, some member of the household reads from their old histories or from a rhymed version of the Old Testament.

This is the Iceland that has just been celebrating her Millennial anniversary as a nation. Fortunately among the American party which participated in the celebration were Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR and Dr. I. I. HAYES, the arctic explorer. These gentlemen, through their correspondence, the former in the New York *Tribune*, and the latter in the New York *Herald*, have given us a very complete narrative of the whole affair. In their company and with the aid of the graphic illustrations given in these pages, we also may look behind the scenes, and cheer with the loudest when the handsome King of Denmark leads off with his "Hip! hip! hurrah!"

Iceland lies between Norway and Greenland—nearer the former. If we start from Denmark, we steam up the North Sea, which separates that country from the British Islands. Just north of Scotland we pass the Orkneys—a low-lying group of islands, where we would halt, if we had time, to visit the Maestron Mound—an old sepulchral monument whose origin or history nobody knows. There, too, are the tall Druid stones of Stenness, of which a very effective illustration was given in an article on sepulture in the September number of *Harper's Magazine*. Farther north lie the loftier Shetland Islands. Here, too, we might stop to visit Scalloway and the Stewart Castle, and buy woolen lace and hosiery of the Shetland lassies.

But we *must* land at the Faroe Islands. Here we are, then, in the harbor of Thorshavn, on Strömöe, the main island. We have overtaken the Danish men-of-war, King CHRISTIAN IX. landing a little before us. There are thirty-five of these islands in the group, a score of which are inhabited, the total population being about six thousand, of whom the greater part are shepherds, fishermen, and bird-catchers. The costume of the men, which is chiefly home-made, consists of a rough thick jacket of brown wool, a coarse woolen shirt, knee-breeches (to-day decorated with rows of silver buttons), thick woolen stockings, and wooden pattens for the feet. The women, like the men, wear dresses of brown woolen, without much attempt at shape or ornament. It is a gala day, in honor of the King's arrival. It is the first time that a Danish King has visited these islands. The road leading to the Governor's house has been strown with flowers, bright flags are waving from every verdant roof, and the vessels in the harbor are gayly decorated.

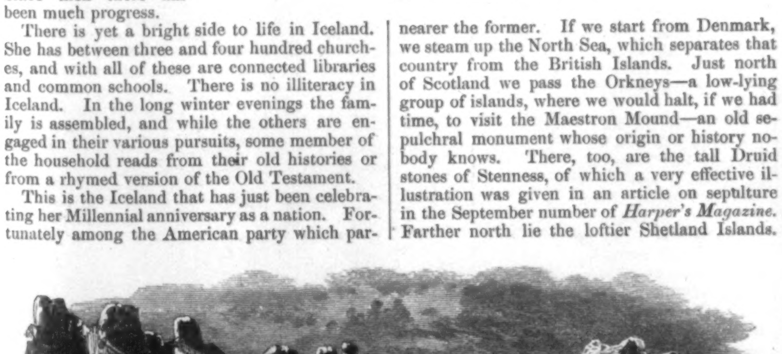
ENTRANCE TO THE ALMANNAJAU.

After visiting the post-office, the school, and other places, we follow the crowd to the little church—capable, however, of holding the five or six hundred inhabitants of the town. Into this assembly finally enters the King, accompanied by his son Prince WALDEMAR, and Governor FINSEN. The bells make a rather unsuccessful effort at chiming, and the air is filled with a very perceptible odor of dried fish and old leather. The clergyman, Herr HAMMERSHEIN, in a black surplice, and with a broad Elizabethan ruff around his neck, intones a prayer, reads a chapter, and preaches a safe old-fashioned theological sermon. We are glad when it is all over, and we can breathe the fresh air again.

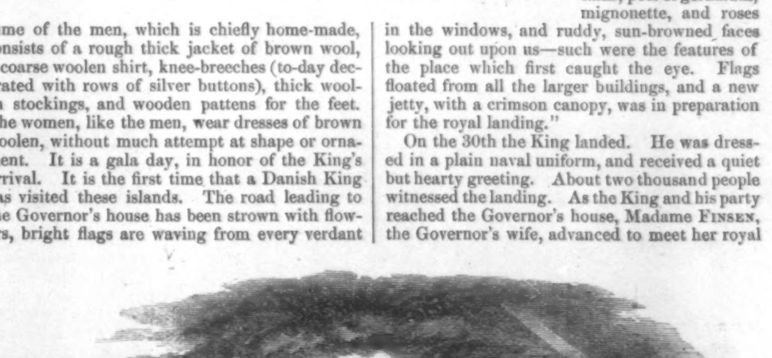
In the early morning we leave Thorshavn. By eight o'clock the next morning we are off the Iceland coast, and have left Ingolf's Head to the eastward of us. We are delayed in making port by a heavy gale, and are driven below. It is not until the afternoon of the 29th that we enter the harbor of Reikiavik, the Icelandic capital. BAYARD TAYLOR thus describes the town:

"Smooth, tolerably broad streets of volcanic sand and gravel, with flagged sidewalks; square wooden houses, which seemed stately in comparison with those of Thorshavn; merchants' store-houses, without signs, yet generally thronged with people; little gardens of cauliflower, radishes, and turnips; white curtains, pots of geranium, mignonette, and roses in the windows, and ruddy, sun-browned faces looking out upon us—such were the features of the place which first caught the eye. Flags floated from all the larger buildings, and a new jetty, with a crimson canopy, was in preparation for the royal landing."

On the 30th the King landed. He was dressed in a plain naval uniform, and received a quiet but hearty greeting. About two thousand people witnessed the landing. As the King and his party reached the Governor's house, Madame FINSEN, the Governor's wife, advanced to meet her royal



ALMANNAJAU.



VIEW IN FAROE ISLANDS.